

# The Reader's Digest

SERVICE



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JUNE NINETEEN TWENTY-FOUR

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**A** MAGAZINE article that stimulates discussion is likely to have provoked thought. Hence it is gratifying when subscribers mention, as they not infrequently do, that **THE READER'S DIGEST** furnishes them with considerable of their conversational material. Perhaps this is the reason, consciously or unconsciously, why readers often refer to the **DIGEST** as the "most interesting," or the "most valuable," or the "most instructive" magazine they receive.

The issue this month contains many articles that are deserving of reflection, and discussion with your friends.

**POLITICS:** Five different editors who had previously tried to tell the truth about state government in New Mexico had been arrested on various charges and had been given the choice of going to jail, or leaving the state. They all left. Then came Carl C. Magee. The story of his one-man fight against corruption is one of the most thrilling narratives that has appeared in recent months (p. 131).

**SURGERY:** However skeptical one may be regarding either the success or the propriety of "renewal of youth by surgery," this authoritative article gives the reader a first-hand account of Dr. Voronoff's experiments (p. 151).

**MUNICIPAL AFFAIRS:** The best laid out city of either ancient or modern times is in the United States, and it was planned in 1791. Must American cities continue indefinitely to grow, Topsy fashion, without plan or forethought (p. 177)?

**HUMOR:** On borrowing money.—The fascination of Big Business.—The perfect salesman.—How to make the "approach."—The salesman who proved that frankness is the best policy (p. 139).

**LITERATURE:** A bonus is paid for stories that assist the advertising manager.—Will the illustrations help the sale of cosmetics, hosiery and automobiles?—The novelist must keep in mind the girls in the subway, and small town loafers. They are the ultimate judges (p. 159).

**GOVERNMENT:** "Gentlemen, 'Chet' Arthur of New York, and Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, are two different persons. Good-day!" . . .

How was Harry M. Daugherty able to predict, months before the Chicago convention, the nomination of an obscure Ohio politician (p. 135)?

(Continued on inside back cover)

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# The Reader's Digest

*"An article a day" from leading magazines  
—each article of enduring value and interest,  
in condensed, permanent booklet form.*

Vol. 3

JUNE 1924

Whole No. 27

## How Magee Smashed Fall's Ring

Condensed from *The World's Work* (May '24)

*William G. Shepherd*

**F**OR many years Carl C. Magee, a successful lawyer living in Tulsa, Oklahoma, had the idea that he would like to run a newspaper that would tell the whole truth as nearly as he could get it. Then, in 1919, his wife was taken ill. The doctor told them to go to Albuquerque. Magee had no law practice there, and decided that the time had come for him to go into the newspaper business and try his big adventure.

"I decided that I would try to buy the *Morning Journal*," Magee told me, "the biggest newspaper in town. It was owned by men in New York City. So I went there. The official of a Western railroad told me that a group of business men had bought the controlling interest in the paper for the purpose of electing Albert Fall to the United States Senate from New Mexico. Mr. Fall had been elected, he said, and that he didn't like to have his railroad money tied up in the paper. He told me that he was willing to sell, if Mr. Fall would agree.

"And so I went to Fall. After he had secured a report on my past record in Tulsa and had been assured that I was 'safe,' he agreed to sell

me the paper. The price was \$115,000. I borrowed a large part of the money and started out. I got my first big news story from Fall himself, at his Three Rivers Ranch. After he agreed to sell me the paper, he explained the political situation in New Mexico. He wanted me to know all about it, so that I would know how to conduct the newspaper from a political point of view. And you wouldn't have believed that such things as Fall told me about could exist in America. Why, you'd have thought you were back in the days of the Spanish conquistadores in old Mexico.

"Fall explained to me that the old system of 'dons' still existed in New Mexico, that New Mexico was settled by Spanish dons who kept the Indians under subjection. He said that, in the hundreds of thousands of acres in his district, there were certain water holes on which the agricultural district was dependent. The land on which these water holes were situated was in the hands of men who controlled the votes of all the persons in their countryside—because they controlled the water holes. God help the American citizen in that

district who didn't vote as the 'don' of his district wanted him to!

"Fall told me all this, and more, with the utmost frankness. He expected me to join right in; he told me that the state organization, through the 'dons' had everything its own way, and that a great political future opened before me. That made me sick. I realized that I had begun my newspaper experiment in one of the rot-spots of the United States.

"About 50 per cent of the American citizens in New Mexico speak nothing but Spanish. They are a kindly people; but intensely ignorant, and they live in a hand-to-mouth way. Taking advantage of this, political and business interests dominated the state for selfish purposes. State officials did as they pleased and went unchallenged. Prisoners were cheated and starved of food. State institutions were run negligently. Public money was deposited in the banks, and state officials put the interest into their own pockets. Yet not a citizen dared to raise his voice. I didn't know then that five newspaper men before me, in the recent history of the state, had been given the choice of going to jail or leaving the state—and that they had all left.

"I began by attacking editorially the management of the land office. The first signal of trouble came from Fall himself. He stamped into my office and said: 'You lay off such editorials. You lay off this land office or you'll be crushed.' And then he stamped out.

"Well, I lit into the state officials. I told my readers how the state political organization of Fall held its power. And then the music began. The bankers began to force the merchants to keep their advertising away from me. I received hundreds of letters threatening my life. One day as I was riding in my automobile outside of town, a man with a rifle stopped me. 'Get out of that car and come with me, you —,' he said. 'Are you an officer?' I asked. 'Get out,' he cried, 'or I'll put a hole

through you where you sit.' Just then an automobile came around a turn. The stranger stepped back and I put on power and went away.

"I was showing my daughter 'round the state capitol building in Santa Fe one day, when a big, husky fellow, who has a state job, came toward me, and hit me a crack on the jaw that almost knocked me down. My young daughter began to scream and cry. It wasn't the sort of thing you want your daughter to see. But that fellow and I buckled down to as pretty a ten-minute rough-and-tumble as ever you saw, right there in the capitol. Everybody knew why he was trying to lick me, and I didn't seem to have a friend in the crowd. And I had him down and through by the time it was over.

"There was more to come. I had borrowed \$60,000 from a certain bank in a city 700 miles away. One day one of the big politicians came into my office and said: 'Say, you better get \$60,000 together and send it off to that bank in Missouri. Your note is going to be called on you.' I don't know how he knew I had made such a loan. The renewal date was only 20 days off, and I had only \$25,000.

"I did what usually means ruin for a newspaper, I have since been informed. I told my readers of my financial difficulties. I offered bonds of the newspaper at \$250 each. And within two weeks more than 200 people in Albuquerque purchased that \$35,000 worth of bonds. I found out one thing about telling the truth in a newspaper: The folks will stand by you.

"Well, three months later another note was coming due, held by a local bank. This bank had promised to renew the note, but, instead, they foreclosed and sued me. I had 20 days in which to answer the suit. I told my readers the story, that the same power which I had been attacking was now attacking me. And the public bought an additional \$20,000 worth of the bonds, and I met the



note without any trouble. Remember, too, that I had been running my newspaper not much more than a year."

In the 28 months that Carl C. Magee was able to hold on to the Journal he was not afraid of attacking individuals. He "jumped on" bankers and judges alike; he named them and charged them with various offenses. He openly declared that it was the influence of Albert Fall that caused certain banks to withhold their financial support. And accusing people openly is bound to end in trouble for any editor. It's doubly sure to mean sitting in a court room, if you have attacked judges, and accused them of being "in cahoots" with corrupt business and politicians. Wherefore Magee, in August, 1921, was charged with criminal libel. The judge ordered the jury to return a verdict in favor of the banker. The jury brought in a verdict of one dollar against Magee.

"Fall had told me that he was broke," Magee explained to me, "and that he was glad to sell the paper and get his share. That was in 1920. But in 1921, Fall, the political down-and-outer, went into the Cabinet at Washington; and suddenly he had vast power. Everybody of any importance in that political crowd of Fall's in New Mexico knew the Teapot Dome story. We heard about the satchel with money in it long before the facts came out in Washington. Folks from down Three Rivers way used to come in with stories of what was happening at Fall's ranch. The place was being spruced up. New live stock was being shipped in. A big, electric water-plant was built. Harry Sinclair came to Three Rivers in a private car and laid on a siding three days."

It was the business lull of 1922 that broke the back of Magee's Journal. The costs of paper were going up, there was interest to pay on the bonds, and there was another \$40,000 note to meet. Magee couldn't see his

way through. Magee telegraphed to his enemies, the political leaders, that the Journal was for sale. A relative of one of the bankers paid him \$200,000 for the paper; this included the increased circulation and a new press.

But Magee went on. He started a little weekly. He told his Journal readers why he had sold the paper; and one-third of them followed him to his weekly. This was in June, 1922. The Teapot Dome deal had been closed, practically secretly, in Washington. Government officials were refusing any information on the strange ground that it would be revealing Navy secrets. But all of a sudden the question began to be heard in Washington: "Where did Secretary Fall get his money?" It was this question that made the oil investigation a living subject. The question electrified America; and the answer to it electrocuted Fall. And it was Carl Magee, through his little weekly, who carried that question to the investigators in Washington. He told the investigators at Washington: "Albert Fall told me in 1920 that he was broke. Since he has been Secretary of the Interior he has spent something like \$200,000 on his ranch at Three Rivers." And then he said, in effect: "I wonder where he got the money?"

In the fall of 1922 the Fall political machine was kicked out of state offices; Magee's weekly helped to lead the way. The next spring Magee had built up a new daily newspaper, called the New Mexico State Tribune. His attacks now began to assume a national interest. But the more trouble Fall got into, the hotter it became in New Mexico for Magee.

Five different editors who had previously tried to tell the truth in New Mexico had been arrested on various charges and had been given the choice of going to jail, or leaving the state. They all left.

"And I was to be number six," Magee told me. One day in June, 1923, a

deputy sheriff presented a warrant for his arrest, in which he was accused of libeling a judge because he had written of him: "He has grown too accustomed to old methods to see anything wrong in what has happened."

The sheriff that evening took Magee to Las Vegas, 160 miles from where the alleged libel had been printed. The judge lived in another part of the state. Magee knew the reason. Las Vegas was controlled by "the machine." Once in Las Vegas Magee knew that he would be entirely in the hands of his enemies. Everything there was ready for him. He picked up a young lawyer in town because his own lawyer was in the East, and went into the court room. The judge would give him no time to prepare the case.

"But not a single member of this jury can read or write the English language," protested Magee. The jury had been drawn from the water-hole countryside. "We shall have an interpreter," said the judge.

The judge who had been "libeled" was called as a witness by Magee. He testified that he had not complained to any one about the statement written by Magee, that he had not asked for an indictment, and that he had not considered the statement libelous. . . . The court attaches were threatening in their actions. The judge warned Magee and other reporters that they must write nothing in their papers about the proceedings. "You will be cited for contempt of court for every article that appears in your paper about this trial," the judge said.

Every day, however, Magee wrote an article for his paper, in which he called the judge "corrupt," or in other ways criticized the officials in charge of the case. Magee told his friends that it was not he who was being put to the test in Las Vegas, but that journalism in New Mexico was on the stand.

Within five minutes the Spanish-speaking jury, after taking the English article into the jury room to consider its meaning, according to the instruction of the judge, returned a verdict of guilty. The judge imposed a sentence of from 12 to 18 months in the penitentiary. Then Magee was put on trial before the same judge for contempt of court for writing articles charging the judge with corruption. The judge was acting as judge in the question of whether or not he was corrupt, and he decided that he wasn't. He sentenced Magee to a year in jail and fined him \$4,500.

Within 24 hours the governor of the state issued a statement that the entire proceedings at Las Vegas were "a blot on the state and a disgrace thereof." He granted pardon to Magee in all cases and set him free.

In Las Vegas editor number six stood his ground and won; in him New Mexican journalism stopped running.

If you think an editor who tries to stick to the truth can't raise loyal friends listen to this:

"In January, 1924, I was again tried for criminal libel in Santa Fe. This time I was wrong. I had stated that Judge C. J. Roberts had participated in a certain decision. This statement was not true, as I discovered the next day. I made a prompt retraction. However, I was indicted and brought to trial. The judge instructed the jury that it was their duty to find me guilty. However, the jury revolted and acquitted me. I think this is the first time that a jury in New Mexico has refused to follow the instructions of a judge in regard to a verdict."

Magee's experiment is still under way in the New Mexico State Tribune. The citizens of New Mexico have taken new heart; they have rallied around Magee.

# The Hungry Pack Behind the President

Excerpts from *The World's Work* (May '24)

*French Strother, Associate Editor of The World's Work*

"I HAVE a hungry party behind me, and they say I am not grateful. Sometimes the pressure is almost overwhelming, and a President cannot always get at the exact truth, but I want you to know, and all my friends to know, that I am trying to do what is right—I am trying to do what is right."

Grover Cleveland uttered these words with intense emotion to a friend, as he was about to enter upon his second term in the White House. He had just finished writing his second inaugural address, the last sentence of which was an appeal for divine strength: "There is a Supreme Being whose goodness and mercy have always followed the American people, and I know He will not turn from us if we humbly and reverently seek His powerful aid." Fifteen years later, on his death-bed, Cleveland uttered these last words: "I have tried so hard to do right."

Nearly every President of the United States has left a similar testimony of his experience as Chief Executive. Every one of them has heard the yelps of the hungry pack behind him, and the cries of "ingratitude," and the menacing whippers of those who were pressing their schemes of personal advantage upon him. Every one of them has been misled by designing liars. Every one of them, soon or late, came to ask only one question, "Is this right?" Oppressed by the consciousness of his own weakness, in the presence of the gigantic responsibilities of his office, doubting the selfishness of most of his counselors and the wisdom of them all, including himself, every one of them has taken refuge in the "goodness and mercy" of a Power greater than all of us, has made con-

science the final counselor of his acts, and has trusted that Supreme Being to make good His promise that "all things work together for good to them that love God." Soon or late, every President has come to this position.

How soon? How late? That is a test of a President. George Washington, a man of powerful character and equally powerful mind, had arrived at that position long before he became President. So had Lincoln. Chester A. Arthur, a politician of the most disreputable school, arrived at that position instantly upon his accession to the White House. He had been removed from office as Collector of the Port of New York because he had admitted that his office was seething with graft but had definitely declared that he intended to do nothing to stop it. He had been nominated for Vice-President with James A. Garfield, as a sop to placate the Old Guard politicians of New York. Six months after their inauguration, Garfield was assassinated, and Arthur became President. Great was the joy of the "hungry party" behind him. The "Custom House gang" of New York took an early train to Washington. They called at the White House, and noisily congratulated "Chet" upon his elevation, and expressed their jubilation that at last "we" had "our" opportunity in the national Government. But they were aghast at what then happened. The President heard them out, and then in icy tones said to them:

"Gentlemen, 'Chet' Arthur, of New York, and Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, are two different persons. Good-day!"

And he proceeded to make a record

for his Administration that is still a credit to his memory. He knew crooked politics by the book, and he knew how to fight it—for one thing, he initiated the civil service reform. Most important of all, he demonstrated anew the power of character in a President.

Character—that is the first quality of a President of the United States. He needs brains and common sense, too; but all the brains and common sense of the nation are his to command. The "best minds" will give him their best at any moment. No man so busy, no man so great in his profession or calling, that he will not drop all his personal concerns to answer a summons to counsel with the President. And out of this common counsel, any man not a fool can arrive at the common sense of his problems. And likewise, the common conscience flows in a mighty stream to the White House. Any President can, if he will, know what is right as well as what is wise.

But to act upon that knowledge—there is where character alone can stand him in stead. He alone must stand the moral strain when those cries of "ingrate" ring in his ears from the "hungry party behind" him. He alone must withstand "pressure almost overwhelming." His friends are his most dangerous enemies, because they have the easiest access to him with temptations in their hands, and the hardest to resist, having bound him with ties of gratitude and affection. Only that man is fit to be President who has a stalwart will, an iron resolution, and a moral courage that can endure misrepresentation, misunderstanding, and the defection of friends.

The American people are now about to nominate two men as candidates for President of the United States. They will be unwise indeed if they do not realize that the meaning of the sorry mess in Washington is, that four years ago they thought that "good enough" was good enough for the rulers of this nation. President Harding, too, arrived at the point where he was asking only, "Is this

right?" He was, indeed, at the point where he was turning definitely to religion to find the way out of the morass into which less reputable men about him were sinking his Administration. These things are said upon the authority of a man very close to President Harding in the last few months of his life. But he arrived too late. His life had been an amiable drift with the stream. Goodhearted, well-meaning, honest? Yes. Guided by any profound political or moral convictions? No. Everybody loved him, but nobody "loved him for the enemies he had made." Then his "friends" capitalized this amiability of temper, and "sold" it to the American people, weary of war, anxious to rest overstrung nerves, and bored by a President who insisted that they continue to think of duty and ideals and principles. The American people hailed with delight the promise of "normalcy," and suddenly this small-town publisher, with no theoretical grasp of the great issues of his position and with no substitute for such learning in the form of practical experience of responsible office, was elevated to the exercise of the duties of the most powerful throne on earth.

No man can sustain the shock of such vast responsibilities without emotions as exalted as his nature is capable of feeling. President Harding gained at once in dignity and seriousness of purpose. . . . If his own good-will and earnestness had been enough, President Harding's Administration would have been a good deal better than an average Administration. But the difficulty of wrenching personal ties was too great for the President, and his failure to surmount it left some unworthy men in positions of trust who betrayed his confidence in them. He appointed three of the ablest men he could find to his Cabinet, namely, Mr. Hoover, Mr. Hughes, and Mr. Mellon. His sense of personal obligation to his friends led him to appoint Mr. Daugherty, and to a lesser

(Continued on Page 176)

# Forty and Upwards

Condensed from McNaught's Monthly (May '24)

Stuart P. Sherman

**A**N occasional college boy, stimulated to believe that he is the maker of his own destiny, listens with wonder and eager curiosity to a lecturer commending the "cultural ideal" of Goethe—the seductive notion of the continuous growth and free unfolding of a many-sided personality, developed at all points. But the law of self-preservation soon has him in thrall. Or to put the matter in plain terms, he must educate himself and pay for his education; he must find a profession; he must marry and pay for his wife; he must start a family and pay for his family; he must buy a lot and build a house; he must pay for his life insurance and start a fund for his old age; he must begin the education of his children. He enters upon these tasks with the unreflective gusto of youth. All the "boys" are doing likewise. All the prizes are attached to doing likewise. As the heat of the contest heightens, he strips himself, one by one, of the recreations and accomplishments through which in his vernal days the mounting diffusive sap of his youth first burst briefly into flower: dancing, acting, singing, mandolin-playing, drawing, verse-writing, tramping, shooting, camping, tennis, and the rest. He concentrates. He specializes. "Three meals a day," he says, "my work, and no interruptions!" He is nothing but a driving energy. Yet for a long time he does not cease to think of himself as one of the "young fellows."

But then comes a season when a lot of things, unimpressive singly, happen together and become impressive. His wife gaily discovers three gray hairs. He discovers that he needs a stronger pair of glasses. His dentist suggests an ex-

tensive plan of bridge construction. He still feels quite fit; but he mutters to himself with a playful grimace: "Aha! Baldness, Blindness, and Toothlessness are scouting out a position before the main Army of Death." Then he notices with a realizing eye how tall his sons are growing, and how independent, and how—well, he would call it saucy, if they were not so tall. He has to contradict them firmly because—well, they have no business at their age to know so much more about the point than their father. Presently he overhears one of them referring to him as the Old Man.

"The Old Man!" Good Heavens!" he exclaims. "How old am I? Forty?—Forty is nothing, nowadays. President Elliot went bicycling before breakfast at 75. Lounsbury played the New England tennis champion at 75. At 40, a man is a mere fledgling."

So he soothes and flatters himself. But in this season of disillusion another fact gradually establishes itself—a fact full of pathos and mystery; he discovers that the unchallengeably young people really prefer their own society to his. He tries to conceal his hurt. He rallies his gaiety and makes a desperate effort to retrace his steps and rejoin the merry-makers who are going a-Maying. But somehow he does not seem to "enter in."

What is the trouble with him? He knows. He faces a tragedy. It isn't that he is 40. His tragedy is that his character possesses him. He overhears his contemporaries: "Yes, we can count on Brown. We know where he stands." He himself knows where he stands. He acts only from those positions. And that is why men know where he stands, and can



count on him. If he speaks in public, his friends know well enough what he will say. If he is absent from a committee, no one misses his counsel: any one of his associates can easily present his views. If a subscription list is circulating, they put him down for \$10 without consulting him: he always gives \$10. He is no longer an incalculable force.

Isn't it true then when one begins to stop growing one begins to die? When did he begin to die? He looks backward to discover the point at which his vital force began to draw in from the branches to the trunk and gradually retire towards the earth. . . . Between 5 and 10, he was a Roosevelt for versatility. There was not a dull page from table of contents to index in the whole of life's sweet-scented manuscript. He modeled in clay, he painted, he composed melodies, he participated in the folk dancing called "London Bridge Is Falling Down"; he was a naturalist and explorer of rivers, caves, and valleys; he was a collector and classifier of stamps, minerals, coins, curiosities, insects, flowers, birds' eggs; he was interested in Jesus; he tanned squirrel skins, he built houses; he raised pigeons, chickens, rabbits, and snakes; he examined openings in the fruit industry, lawnmowing, and the newspaper business.

He found time and means and energy for all this rich and various life by the time he was 13. He has squeezed all the juice out of those oranges. Soon after 13, a drouth descended upon the tropical exuberance of his experience. The lighter foliage of his life withered up. Education fell upon him like a blight, and the luxuriant quick blossoms of childhood were scattered. His sensuous contacts with the world diminished with amazing rapidity. . . .

At just about 40, one may predict with considerable assurance either that nothing at all will happen, or

that something like a miracle will happen. For at 40, when a man seems hermetically enclosed in his character, an angel may just possibly unbar the door, and, leaving his body sleeping there, let his spirit out for the recognition and appreciation of a new life. So long as he wished to possess and direct the world, it erected barriers against him, and progressively shut him in. As soon as he exacts nothing of it, it gives him all—all its qualities for discrimination and delectation. Old interests which he had thought dead are now reborn with wings. Out of the death of the possessive passion, a rebirth of the mind and the imagination!

If this miracle has happened, he feels, at 40, the possibility not merely of a new life but of a new kind of life opening before him. At 40, instead of killing off the nerves, one should be occupied in reviving the spirits. Instead of closing old doors, one should be cutting new windows.

Come, let us make a new set of maxims, not for youths in their twenties with houses to build and children to educate, but for men of 40 and upwards, who are growing tired of one another and yet are not quite ready to die:

Consider whether it is better to change and be living than to be unchanged and dead.

Unfold, leaf by leaf.

Become more and more intimate with life.

Ask all successful and happy creatures for a clue.

Study all lovely things, with docility seeking their principle of beauty.

Make much of fine art: it possesses a secret of eternal life.

Be your residence urban or rural, there is no provincialism so narrow as that developed by the inveterate maintenance of your own point of view.

Push on into untrodden forests, up unexplored valleys, seeking new springs of refreshment, crying at the foot of every mountain ridge, "Let us see what is on the other side."

Deserve and keep friends, and never neglect play and joyfulness.



# Business as I See It

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine (May '24)

Stephen Leacock

I ADMIT at the outset that I have never been in business. If I were told tomorrow to go out and make a hundred thousand dollars I should scarcely know how to do it. If I were to sell a man a bond I shouldn't know how to "approach" him or how to hold his interest, or how to make him forget his troubles, or how to clinch him, or strike him to the earth at the final moment. As to borrowing money—one of the essentials of business—I simply couldn't do it. There's an art in it: to borrow money, big money, you have to wear your clothes in a certain way, walk in a certain way, and have about you an air of solemnity and majesty—something like the atmosphere of a Gothic cathedral. Small men like me and you, my dear readers, especially you, can't do it. We feel mean about it; and when we get the money, even if it is only \$10, we give ourselves away at once by wanting to hustle off with it too fast. The really big man can borrow half a million, button it up in his chest, and then draw on his gloves and talk about the League of Nations and the prospect of rain.

As I say, I'm not a business man. But I have a huge admiration for big business, especially for the men at the top. They say that the whole of South America, though it doesn't know it, is controlled by less than five men; and the Atlantic Ocean is now to all intents and purposes in the hands of a little international group of not more than seven and less than eight men. There must be a tremendous fascination to be in this kind of really Big Business: to sit at a desk and feel one's great brain slowly revolving on its axis, and to observe one's ponderous in-

tellect moving irresistibly up and down.

The most essential feature of modern business is salesmanship. It is being reduced to a science. A great number of Manuals of Salesmanship can be had at a trifling sum, such as \$10, or even more. It is here feasible to indicate only a few of the principal points of salesmanship. It is essential that the salesman should have charm. If he wishes to sell anything—let us say lead pipe for use in sewers—he will find that what he needs most is a sort of personal charm which suggests the easy camaraderie of the menagerie. In other words, he must diffuse wherever he goes, in selling sewer pipes, a sense of sunshine which makes the world seem a little brighter when he is gone.

In person the perfect salesman should have a figure which suggests, to his customers, the outline of the Venus de Milo. But there is probably nothing which has a greater bearing on success and failure in the salesman than his dress. The well-dressed man has an initial advantage over the man who comes into his customer's store in tattered rags, with his toes protruding from his boots, unshaved and with a general air of want stamped all over him. Customers are quick to notice these little things. A good rule for dress is: the simplest is the best. The salesman makes a great mistake who comes into his customer's premises covered with jewelry, with earrings in his ears and expensive bracelets on his feet and ankles. Nor should there be in the salesman's dress anything the least suggestive of immodesty. No salesman should ever appear with bare arms, or with his waistcoat cut so low as to suggest impropriety.

Let us suppose then our salesman, fully dressed, his buttons all adjusted and drawing well, his suspenders regulated, and his dickie set well in place. His next task is to "approach" his customer. Everything depends on it. The merchant, if we may believe our best books on salesmanship, is as wary as a mountain antelope. At the least alarm he will leap from his counter ten feet in the air and rush to the top of his attic floor; or perhaps he will make a dive into his cellar where he will burrow his way among barrels and boxes and become completely hidden. The answer is that the salesman must "stalk" his prospect as the hunter stalks the wild mountain goat. He must circulate outside his prospect's premises, occasionally taking a peep at him through the window and perhaps imitating the song of a bird or the gentle cooing of a dove. Pleased with the soft note of the bird's song, the prospect will presently be seen to relax into a smile. Now is the moment for the salesman to enter.

An important question is how frank the salesman should be with his prospect. Frankness will be found to be the best policy. This is well illustrated by a striking little anecdote in a recent book on salesmanship:

A young salesman, Mr. A. was showing his line of brushes and toilet supplies to Mr. S. a drug merchant in the east north Southwest. Picking up one of the sample brushes, Mr. S said to the salesman, "That's an excellent brush." Mr. A answered, "No, I'm sorry to say, it is not. Its bristles fall out easily and the wood is not really rosewood but a cheap imitation." Mr. S was so pleased with the young man's candor that he said, "Mr. A. it is not often I meet a salesman as candid as you are. If you will show me the rest of your line I shall be delighted to fill out a first class order." "Mr. S." answered Mr. A. "I'm sorry to say that the whole line is as rotten as 'hat brush.'" More delighted than ever, Mr. S. who was a widower, invited Mr. A to his house where he met Mr. S's grown-up daughter who kept house for him. The two young people immediately fell in love and were married, Mr. A moving into the house and taking over the business while Mr. S. now without a home, went out selling brushes.

Advertising, like salesmanship, has now been reduced to a science, thus taking its place alongside of chemistry, nursing, astronomy, poultry, and other college subjects. Consider what the world was like before advertising existed. Christopher Columbus, we are told, spent 18 years vainly trying to persuade the sovereigns of Europe to discover America. Under present conditions all he would have needed to do would have been to circulate among the Kings a "form-letter" with the heading Do You Want a Continent? or put a picture of himself in the newspapers with one hand extended toward a cloud in the sky and the legend "This Man Discovers Continents"; or better still, put up picture placards showing American Marines at Target Practice in Matamoras Bay, Mexico.

Advertising may be described as the science of arresting the human intelligence long enough to get money from it. A good advertisement must be brief. In the earlier days this was not understood. When first the railways were built in England signs were put up at dangerous crossing which read:

Any person or persons proposing to cross this railway track at this point at a time when a train or trains may be approaching is or are warned that if he or she does it, he or they are in danger of coming into collision with it or them.

This was found ineffective. In America the simpler plan was adopted of putting up a notice: "Look Out For The Cars." Even this was presently replaced by a simple sign "Look Out." . . .

It is no wonder that all the world nowadays is drawn by the fascination of business. It is not the money that people want. Few people care for money—it is the thought of what can be done with the money. "Oh, if I only had a million dollars!" I heard a woman say the other day on the platform of a social service meeting. And I could guess just what she meant—that she would quit work and go to the South Sea Islands and play mah jong and smoke opium. I've had the same idea again and again.

# An Experiment Station in Education

Condensed from Pictorial Review (May '24)

Henry Rood

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*This article, appearing in Pictorial Review for May, is one of the most suggestive and provocative that has appeared on the subject of education in recent months.*

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**T**HE Lincoln School, operated by Teachers College, Columbia University, is a remarkable research laboratory of education. For seven years it has been going steadily forward, deliberately avoiding publicity until its plans had been tried out. For this reason it is not known to the people of the United States; yet professional educators of this country and foreign lands have watched its development with keenest interest, hundreds coming each year to study its methods and results.

Already the plans and methods the Lincoln School has designed are being put to practical test in schools of a hundred other American cities and towns. It is not going too far to say that because of preliminary work actually performed during the past seven years, the Lincoln School may do as much to improve methods of education as the Rockefeller Medical Institute has accomplished in its own field of scientific research.

As a whole the methods of teaching boys and girls have lagged far behind developments in other directions. Prophetic educators realized the seriousness of the situation, with the result that the General Education Board was requested to establish an educational experiment station and research laboratory, which it did with some of the vast sums entrusted to it by John D. Rockefeller. It would furnish the money, but the school

itself must be operated by a recognized institution wholly independent of the General Education Board; and Teachers College was selected.

Children who attend the usual schools, found all over the United States, do so with the idea that school is preparing them for the life they will live in after years, when they have grown up. At the Lincoln School the exact opposite is instilled. There the boys and girls are encouraged to feel that in school they already are living their own lives, with opportunities and responsibilities, which naturally will flow on as the years pass. Still more important is the fact that they do not merely learn and recite their lessons. They do this; but they are also taught to think and observe for themselves. Wherefore the pupils feel they are having more fun there than they could possibly enjoy anywhere else. The other morning, for illustration, 15 or 20 pupils, both boys and girls, came trooping through the main entrance at 11 o'clock, talking excitedly and showing that something of unusual interest had been occurring. So it had, and a visitor wondered what it was, and why all these light-hearted young folks should have been outdoors this beautiful morning instead of seated at their desks. He asked one of the group.

"Had a great time!" the youngster replied. "We reported here at 9 o'clock, of course, and then we all went down to the Weather Bureau in Central Park. Why, you ought to see the instruments there, and the maps, and the way those men can measure rainfall, and know probly whether tomorrow is going to be fair or stormy, or warm or cold. I never

saw anything more interesting. And I guess none of us ever imagined how important the weather is to everybody."

"In what way?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, most every way. Farmers, of course—we all know what weather means to them. And 'hen men who send potatoes and apples and bananas, for hundreds of miles, have got to know what kind of weather there will be while those goods are on the way to market. Men at work on buildings, too, and ships ready to sail out on the ocean. I never had any idea how important the weather is to everybody, or how those forecaster men find out in advance. But we know now, don't we?" he concluded, appealing to the boys and girls.

And not long afterward those boys and girls, comfortably grouped around a teacher in their classroom, regardless of desks, were discussing the wonderful things they had seen. And the teacher, a little later, was telling them a great deal more about the weather in its relation to human beings, and about the efforts man has made in past ages to adjust himself to varying weather by shelter, clothing, supplies of food, and fuel, from the tropics to the polar regions. In this way powers of keen observation were developed, and the important things observed were riveted in childish minds, particularly as the little people before long would be writing descriptions of their excursion.

A moment's reflection will show that in this one visit to the Weather Bureau, and growing out of it, came valuable and fascinating lessons in meteorology, astronomy, history, geography, economics, agriculture, transportation, something of mathematics, penmanship, grammar, and the sharpening of wits through free discussion.

The visitor stepped into an elevator and ascended to the gymnasium floor. In one of the two great rooms 40 or 50 boys and girls, from six to nine years of age, were seated

on the smooth floor, forming a semi-circle. Facing them stood a young woman who spoke quietly about something which had occurred that morning at assembly. It seemed that a few of the little people, bubbling over with high spirits, had talked and laughed so that the morning exercises did not pass off as smoothly as usual. These two or three were not ordered from the room and "kept in" as punishment. On the contrary, the whole group of whom they formed a part was led to the boys' gymnasium, where the affair was discussed.

In a few words, and without the slightest trace of annoyance, the teacher related what had happened, then asked the young citizens to tell why it happened, why such interruption at assembly was not the right thing, and finally what should be done to prevent it occurring in future. A tiny girl raised her hand, was recognized by name, stood up, and gave her views. Then another girl did the same thing, and two or three boys. There was no haste, no self-consciousness. It was a remarkable example of successful self-government by young children; the kind of successful self-government that is carried out from the youngest to the oldest pupils in the school. Quite half an hour was spent in threshing the matter out thoroughly. At its close the boys and girls trooped happily down to the big assembly-room—in reality a miniature theater of charming appearance—where fourth-grade pupils were giving a play to which they had invited fifth- and sixth-grade pupils as guests.

It evidently was not an unusual performance; but interest was keen, for the play had been written and put on by fourth-graders. One or two teachers, back of the scenes, helped the child actors to get into their costumes, but that was about the extent of adult assistance. The play had to do with the making of toys, and the curtain rose on a scene where a very tiny Grandmother was

seated at a little table with her Son and her Granddaughter.

All three were busily at work when a visitor from the United States arrived, and asked about making toys. Then one after another told what kind of wood was selected for a toy horse, and where it came from. The Son, with knife in hand, showed just where the carving began and how it proceeded. The Granddaughter took the toy horse at the point where he ended his work, and carried it still further. Finally it was handed to the Grandmother, who put on finishing touches by painting it. The making of several toys in different parts of Europe was thus described and actually illustrated. And then came the question of selling them, for upon such sale depended the food and clothing of many thousands of families like that one represented on the stage. At this the little visitor claps her hands, exclaiming: "Why, a steamship sails for America tomorrow!" Then the toy-makers show their happiness, while the curtain descends. It soon rose again upon the second act, which revealed a large party of American children in an American home, singing, dancing, and playing with toys made in far-off Germany and Switzerland. The singing and dancing were delightful.

The play proved far better than any "examination" could show how much the children had learned about the toy industry of Europe. In brief, it was a striking picture of an important industry, from raw material through manufacture to finished product, then of ocean and rail transportation, and marketing, both wholesale and retail, to the ultimate consumer.

The Lincoln School is organized in three divisions: (a) The elementary school, grades 1 to 6, consisting of pupils approximately 6 to 12 years of age. (b) The junior high school, grades 7 to 9, with pupils approximately 12 to 15 years of age. (c) The senior high school, grades 10 to 12, of pupils approximately 15 to 18

years of age. . . . However, pupils of unusual intelligence or ability in either a single study or a group of studies are not held back by the average of the grade they are in.

Boys and girls in the elementary school, from the day they enter the first grade, are given every opportunity to do the things they themselves feel worth doing and want to do. They draw, paint, model in clay, cook, sew, weave, and do carpentry. Accompanied by teachers who share their spirit of adventure, the little people visit steamship docks, railroad stations, warehouses, markets, thus learning about various activities of the wonderful world they live in. And of course they come back to school bubbling over with this new knowledge so delightfully obtained, eager to "play" it. So they paint pictures of the docks, construct miniature trains, warehouses, stations, and even build a toy city. But this is not all, for one and another tell the story of the trip.

No difficulty is found in teaching the small pupil to read. The class has many interesting activities, and all wish to take part in them. Notices, in simple, plain letters, are posted on a bulletin-board. And in order to find out what these notices mean the children eagerly learn to read them. The bulletin-board also contains comments on what the class is doing and tells about fascinating books—this leading to discussion of them, through which door the little folks first enter the treasure-house of good literature. From the very beginning, it will be noted, the boy or girl grasps the importance of individual initiative, and at the same time learns unconsciously the value of cooperative effort, team-work.

Without minimizing the value of hard work, of discipline, the Lincoln School proceeds on the general principle that a child, like an older person, will do best the things in which he or she is the most interested. For this reason pupils, in learning to read, play a series of carefully or-



ganized games, and through them receive without knowing it repeated drill in recognizing familiar words and in mastering new ones. Great importance is properly placed on the study of English. They exchange letters with pupils in other schools. Seventh-grade pupils are carrying on correspondence with boys and girls of a school in California; eighth-grade pupils write letters to and receive letters from a group of young students in Japan.

Through the school library they are taught the use of books as tools, in addition to their use as an intellectual delight. The Lincoln School picture collection contains 12,000 pictures on 250 subjects, and these are very largely used in connection with various studies. The pupils edit and publish a small magazine called "Lincoln Lore," to which they contribute both prose and verse.

In studying modern languages the pupils use not only books, but objects, pictures, charts, lantern-slides, magazines, newspapers, films, visits to the theatre, correspondence with foreign pupils, etc. In beginning work with a seventh-grade class in French, for example, the teacher, by use of a map, presents some facts about the geography of France in terms so simple that they are easily understood without explanation in English. Then, still using pictures, the pupils undertake a study of town and country life in France, though it is all so fascinating that they do not realize it is a study. In this way is laid the foundation of a simple vocabulary in French; subsequently come printed matter, drill, exercises with phonetic charts and diagrams, and later on formal grammar and the writing of the language.

Mathematics is another subject which has been largely revolutionized at the Lincoln School. The old idea that mental training was one of the principal benefits to be derived therefrom has been done away with. The question asked was this: "In what

way can mathematics best contribute toward a more useful life?" A few illustrations out of many may give an idea of the principles evolved.

Children of the elementary grades have held bazaars, for instance, themselves attending to details of fixing prices, calculating expenses and amounts of sale, making change, and listing final results. . . . They open charge-accounts at the school supply-room, each pupil depositing a sum of money with the teacher. One child is chosen to go to the store to fill orders and take care of the orderslips. . . . In this way they become familiar with simple business forms as well as having practical exercise in arithmetic, which is eagerly grasped because it means something personal to each one, and is not merely a set of "examples" printed in a book. A school-bank also is operated for pupils in the seventh-grade mathematics classes.

In one of the mathematical books, newly written and published, the pupil is taken through an interesting story, on a real adventure—the purchase of a plot of ground and the building of a house. He goes first to a real-estate agent (in the story) and tells why he has decided on this particular plot. He gives his personal check as a deposit, and arranges terms for other payments. In doing so he learns about the agent's commission, what a deed is, title insurance, and the reason for taxes on real estate. Then he consults an architect, deciding on the kind of a house, the materials of which it is to be built, and so on. When the plans are approved he goes over details of building with a contractor. It is remarkable how keenly alive children are to this method of study, and how much they learn without apparent effort.

(To be continued.)

*Reader's Digest Service*



# Vanderbilt's Crusade Against Filth

Condensed from *The Ladies' Home Journal* (May '24)

Charles A. Selden

**T**HERE is new and welcome assurance in the fact that Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., only 26 years old, has raised the banner against filth in journalism and hundreds of thousands of readers are rallying to his support. This young millionaire has departed from the Vanderbilt family's traditional callings of finance and railroading, and has launched two clean newspapers in California that have been received with magnificent response by the public.

They are the Los Angeles Illustrated News and the San Francisco Illustrated Herald. The first appeared Sept. 3, 1923, and the second on Dec. 10. Within a few months each of them had a circulation of about 200,000. And the one sensational motive for their success lies in the fact that they are clean, and the public was advised that they would be clean.

"I am making only a beginning here," Vanderbilt told me. "Within a year I will start my third paper, possibly in Detroit. In the near future I will have five papers. My complete plan, for which I am allowing myself 20 to 30 years, is to have a chain of nonsalacious journals throughout the United States. I hope to establish a clean newspaper in every town in which vileness and sensationalism now play too great a part in the local press."

Every effort, he said, was made by yellow publishers to prevent the new sort of journalism. They took warning from the advance announcement made by clergymen that clean papers were coming and should be welcomed by the people as a great public gain. They were further alarmed by the fact that many thousands of disgusted people subscribed to these papers

weeks before their first issues were printed, merely on the assurance that they were to be decent.

"So there was a conspiracy to discredit my Los Angeles paper and thus kill it at the start," continued Vanderbilt. "Spies were foisted upon the organization, who were paid and instructed from the outside to work against me and defeat my purpose. The climax came on the night of the first issue of the Illustrated News, when we narrowly escaped going to the public with a declaration for cleanliness on the editorial page and one of the vilest sex stories ever printed on the front page."

Men and women were crowding about Vanderbilt in the pressroom to look with him at the first paper. He waved them back and signaled to the pressmen to stop. In but a few moments hundreds of the vile sheets had come from the presses. The editor and his assistants took them to the heating plant and burned them. Not a single copy got on to the street.

"The conspiracy was elaborate," continued the publisher. "Men who were cat's-paws were recommended to me in roundabout ways and from apparently good sources, and I employed them. They were so scattered through the various departments as to enable them to perpetrate such an outrage as the indecent story in the first issue. Their tracks were well covered. For example, no proof had been taken of that vile story. No reporter or typesetter knew anything about it. It just happened. Detectives were employed and in less than a month 27 men who had sneaked into the service as spies had been discharged."

Mr. Vanderbilt told me of attacks

which were made in other ways. One of the Los Angeles banks, with which he had been doing business, received he said, a deposit of eight million dollars from an inimical source with the warning that it would be withdrawn if the bank continued to deal with Vanderbilt. In both Los Angeles and San Francisco merchants were warned not to advertise in the clean papers on pain of having their advertisements rejected by other papers. The effectiveness of this threat is petering out, as some of the big merchants are satisfied that they can not afford to ignore a medium which appeals to thousands of people merely because it is clean.

An effort was made to frighten the theatrical interests away from the Vanderbilt papers, but before the Illustrated Herald was a month old it received from the West Coast Theater Association an advertising contract for \$200,000. It got that contract without any truckling of any sort. No one in his service, Vanderbilt declares, can put the papers under the slightest obligation to praise an unclean performance.

There was one other phase of the fight common to both cities. This was the effort to prevent news agencies from handling the Vanderbilt papers, and the attacks on newsboys hired to distribute the News and the Herald. Several boys were injured. But this attempt was short-lived.

The circulation of the two papers steadily increases by something like 2,000 a week. That they are what the public wants is evident not only from the subscription lists, but from what worthwhile people of both communities say of them. . . . Neither Los Angeles nor San Francisco are wicked cities. But no citizen and no visitor would ever get any such impression from the average newspapers. For example, a man or woman who has no rating whatever in the motion-picture business, can immediately win the label of "star," and be slushed all over the front pages by simply claiming residence in Hollywood and doing something nasty

enough to be considered a sensation on a dull day.

"I started in Los Angeles," Mr. Vanderbilt said, "first, because it is the fastest growing city in America; second, because if a paper went in this city, which is the closest newspaper-corporation city in the country, it would go anywhere; third, because I believe the Pacific Coast will be to the coming generation what the Atlantic Coast has been to generations in the past; fourth, because Los Angeles is the most American city, by the census of 1920, in the country, and it has been said that a tabloid newspaper would go only in a city where a great part of the population could not read English, and I wished to disprove this; and fifth, because in the center is Hollywood, which to the outside part of the country is known as a more or less salacious place, and I wish to prove that the placing of a clean newspaper in such a locality would be as much, if not more, of a success than in any other place."

I asked Vanderbilt why he had not followed his family tradition and gone into finance or railroading. "That would not satisfy me. A capitalist in this country, no matter how worthy his performances, cannot be fairly judged. My own father is misjudged. Besides, the job of making clean newspapers just about hits me as the right thing. Already I have my news syndicate. I established that in New York when I was still working as a reporter. And now I've got a good start on my proposed chain of clean newspapers."

Vanderbilt was born in 1898, never went to college, served in the Belgian Relief of the British Government and afterward as a private soldier in our American army (his father was a brigadier general); was a newspaper reporter for three years before becoming editor and owner of his own newspapers, married in 1920 an intimate school friend of Vanderbilt's sister, the youngest in a Tennessee family of 18 children.

# The Ku Klux Klan in Indiana

Condensed from McClure's Magazine (May '24)

Max Bentley

THE Indiana "klansman" is unorthodox, and he has fallen out with his Imperial Wizard at Atlanta, Georgia. It is true that he attends meetings in a hall called a klavern, where he dons the now widely familiar flowing robe; but in other respects he is not of the established pattern. That is, he is not a terrorist with Hate as his motto. He does not whip negroes, stage tar parties, or write anonymous threats. He does not break down the machinery of regular law enforcement with informal extra-legal methods. On the contrary, the unbiased verdict in Indiana seems to be that he has been, all things considered, a real factor for the betterment of municipal rule. Most of the time he is pursuing the favorite avocation of all Hoosiers, which is, of course, politics; but he has found time to assist the regular officers in cleaning up some bad situations, and in some instances has gone in and cleaned a town himself. He has done that in a strictly legal fashion.

How can that be? The story goes back to the Civil War. Horse thievery became rampant in Indiana. The State Legislature of 1865 enacted a law which authorized the formation of a volunteer constabulary for the purpose of apprehending horse thieves and other felons. In September of 1921 the first Indiana klan was organized at Evansville. Five months later, under the high-power leadership of D. C. Stephenson, it began to grow at a rate even exceeding the phenomenal growth of the klan in Southern states. Among his other coups Stephenson resurrected the Horse Thief Act and made it the law-enforcement arm of the Indiana klan.

Today there are 25,000 regularly

qualified constables under this Act. The significant thing is that 22,000 of these men are members of the Ku Klux Klan. For example, in Marion County (Indianapolis) there are 3,000 constables and less than half a dozen of them, it is said, are non-klansmen.

The Indiana klan from the beginning has been a visible organization. When it started to clean out some particularly offensive law violators, it operated through its bonded and legally clothed constabulary. For example, in Indianapolis, in a series of sensational raids some 125 persons were arrested on charges of operating dives and buying liquor, and wholesale convictions were secured. The raids were made by the klan constabulary. On a smaller scale these sorties were repeated in small towns and villages throughout the state. The klan makes official claim that from June, 1922, to October, 1923, more than 3,000 liquor cases were prosecuted in the Indiana courts largely through the instrumentality of the klan. "This has resulted," said a prominent klansman, "in almost entirely breaking up a closely-woven web of bootlegging rings which were being operated in the State. Gambling dives which were running in the manufacturing district of northwestern Indiana have been closed wholesale. This has been done through the city, county, state and federal authorities with assistance from us in the way of investigation and evidence, but in many cases the klan used the volunteer constabulary."

An Indiana state official well known for his opposition to the klan said: "Fairness compels me to admit that the Ku Klux Klan in this State, rather

than being akin to the terrorist and unlawful body of masked men who have prostituted justice in Southern communities, is an organization of reputable citizens who have been a power for good in Indiana law enforcement. I say this with the most positive reservation that the whole idea of a Ku Klux Klan is wrong and opposed to our best traditions. But as long as its membership includes the substantial elements of our citizenship and continues to be wisely led, I don't believe we will have any trouble with the klan."

To understand the Indiana klan it is necessary to understand that Hoosier and politics are synonymous terms. Evansville Klan No. 1 was organized along strictly orthodox lines—anti-Catholicism, anti-Semitism and the like—but the well known Atlanta "principles" of hate and extra-legal government of the invisible stripe somehow left the Hoosier cold. Evansville No. 1 soon "fell out" with Atlanta over aims and methods.

D. C. Stephenson comes into the picture here. He is a natural born organizer. He applied business methods to klan organization. From February to May, 1922, he increased Evansville's membership from a few hundreds to nearly 5,000. In July of 1922 he removed to Indianapolis to open state offices for the klan, and was instrumental in putting nearly 400,000 names on the rolls of Indiana klans. Atlanta gave him a seat in the Imperial Kloneillium. He quickly became an outstanding figure in the national klan. By July of 1923 a klanton had been organized in each of Indiana's 92 counties. The Indiana klan became the most powerful in the country—stronger numerically and much better organized than that of either Texas or Georgia. There was one klanton for each county, one province for each of Indiana's 13 Congressional districts and one realm for the state as a whole.

The people of Indiana did not understand the klan's new place in politics, not suspecting its voting strength. The Republicans have mus-

tered a normal average majority of only 10,000 to 20,000 votes in an electorate of 1,000,000 votes. In 1922 it was considered certain that the highminded statesmanship of Albert J. Beveridge would carry the Republican party to victory over a ticket led by even such a capable opponent as ex-Governor Ralston. But Senator Beveridge was defeated. He went down before a Democratic majority of 33,611 votes. Yet Davies, Jackson and Meyers, Republicans, were elected to important state offices, while Lynch, a Roman Catholic was snowed under. The returns clearly showed the klan to be exceedingly powerful.

A prominent non-klansman explained why Beveridge lost the klan vote. During the campaign Governor Allen of Kansas came into Indiana to speak for Senator Beveridge. His speeches were mainly a denunciation of the klan, and they sizzled. No one questions that the klan voted almost solidly for Ralston, and that this bloc vote was a pronounced factor in his victory.

"The Indiana Klan," said one of its leaders, "contemplates complete disbandment. This includes abandonment of the name itself, throwing away the robe, putting an end to mummery. We are not klansmen of the recognized stripe. There have been no law violations, no acts of violence, no maskers roaming the countryside at night. We have never paraded except with the permission of the municipal authorities. We are opposed to the klan in those states where the slightest violence is countenanced. Long ago we lost respect for the policies of the imperial klan. That is proven by the fact that one-third of Indiana's 92 klans are no longer sending remittances to Atlanta, and by the fact that the Indianapolis klan, with 36,000 members, has never taken a charter."

But, he said, the personnel will remain, the organization will become an independent political unit, and, he added with a delighted smile, "Watch our smoke."

# The Problem of "Home Brew" News

Condensed from Our World (May '24)

Arthur Bullard, Associate Editor of Our World

**A**LL over Europe what news there is becomes less and less reliable. It is hyphenated "French-news," "German - news," "English - news," "Czecho-Slovakian - news," and so forth.

In the old days before the War, the great news agencies—"Reuter's" in England, "Havas" in France, "Wolff" in Germany, "Stefani" in Italy, the Russian "Viestnik" and our "A. P."—pooled their information. Much of the world's news had universal currency, like the silver coins of "the Latin Union." A French franc was just as good in Switzerland or Italy as at home. So "Reuter's" traded news with "Havas" and with "Kokusai" in Japan. "Viestnik" accepted and distributed "Stefani" or "Wolff" news without question. But now—just as no paper money is accepted at par in other countries—so "news" is longer current beyond the country of its origin.

Perhaps nowhere outside of Russia is the press so terrorized as in Italy. At the time when all of Europe was excited over the Italian bombardment of Corfu, Mussolini wanted the people to believe that all the world approved and admired his action. The Fascist newspapers published full quotations from the few extreme nationalist newspapers, which backed up Mussolini, as typical of world opinion. There is probably not one Italian in a thousand who was in his own country in those days who has the slightest idea of what people in other countries thought of that episode. Any Italian paper which had dared to translate and print a summary of the foreign press comment on this affair would have been promptly wrecked by a Black Shirt mob.

But of much greater importance than fear of censorship in this process of depreciating the value of news is the sincere, if sometimes misguided zeal of editors and reporters to be "patriotic." For example, compare a batch of Reuter dispatches of today with those of ten years ago. In the old days it was "World News, with a touch of British patriotism in the editing." Today it is "Patriotic British News."

Across the Channel in France the devastation of the prewar news service is even more striking. The average Frenchman has very little chance to see himself as others see him. He believes that his enemies across the Rhine are spending millions of gold marks, which should go to reparations, in poisoning the mind of America against France. There is no healthy flow of news from other sources to keep him in touch with world opinion. He gets a great deal of "French-news" about the wounds of France—but he gets little or no "English-news" about unemployment and their loss of life. He is rarely reminded that Italy also suffered.

The most serious problem which faces France is her relation to Germany, and yet to an American the amount and quality of news about Germany in the French papers is pitifully inadequate. Of the vast amount of tragic suffering in Germany, the average Frenchman gets no information at all.

It should not be hard for us to understand how this happens. We suffered very much less from the War than did our Allies, we have immensely less reason for vindictive bitterness against Germany. Yet, very few American editors would like to



publish "news" about their former enemy country which would make people call them pro-German.

The situation is the same in Germany. The average German can get from his papers no fairer picture of what the French troops are doing in the Ruhr than that which they gave him in 1914 of what his own troops were doing in Belgium. Then his papers told him that Belgian peasant women were pouring melted lead on the faces of innocent sleeping German soldiers and now he reads equally livid accounts of French soldiers carrying babies on their bayonets. It would be difficult to say whether the French or the German public had a more distorted news service about present conditions in the Ruhr. Certainly every "neutral" journalist, when he comes back from the Ruhr, tells a story very different from what you read in either the French or German papers.

The Great Powers of Europe live on "home brew" news.

When you get into the weaker countries of Eastern Europe, you discover a new cause working for the further depreciation of the news—the eternal Exchange Question. The newspapers cannot afford adequate telegraphic service from countries where you have to pay for telegrams in real money. And it would cost a newspaper in Warsaw to support a regular correspondent in Washington almost as many Polish marks as they pay their Prime Minister. The Balkan capitals, Bucharest, Sofia, Belgrade and Athens, are exiled from the community of news. A diplomat from one of the new states of the Baltic told me, "The breakdown of the news service has split us up into three political parties—those who believe what they read in the English papers; those who believe what they read in the Russian papers; those who believe what they read in the German papers."

Before the War, "news" was cheap in this country. All the papers received "Viestnik," "Reuter's," "Havas," and "Wolff" bulletins every day. Now they can not afford any

of these foreign services, except the German.

My friend said, "The foreign department of my old newspaper now consists of a boy who hangs around the docks and, whenever a ship comes in, begs from the skipper some newspapers—ten days old."

This depreciation in the exchange value of news has a very serious effect on the chances of peace. Europe is slipping back to a medieval credulity. Modern map-makers, if they wish to be true to the psychology of today, should revert to the old custom of filling in the countries beyond their own frontiers with pictures of leviathans and strange, menacing beasts. No one ever believed that there were mermaids in the duck ponds of his home town. But horrific things live beyond the horizon. All over Europe the breakdown of the news exchanges means that foreign lands have sunk below the horizon and are inhabited by "gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire."

The best "news center" in Europe is Geneva. First of all, Geneva is centrally located; newspapers arrive quickly. The Swiss currency is so high that it is possible to pay telegraph tolls. There are people from every country in the permanent Secretariat of the League, who are continually getting letters and telegrams from home. The big conferences bring to Geneva not only statesmen and experts from every nation, but also a many-tongued horde of newspaper men. The "news of the world" gets de-nationalized in Geneva. It loses its hyphen. You can learn what any nation thinks about itself and others.

To anyone who is interested in the organization of peace, the breakdown of the old services of information is an acute problem. The first step in stabilizing the world must be to stabilize the news. It would make it much harder to frighten the people of Europe with rumors, it would keep intelligent men from believing in monstrous plots, it would prevent absurd panics—if Geneva broadcasted unhyphenated news every day.



# The Renewal of Youth by Surgery

Condensed from The Forum (May '24)

An Interview with Dr. Voronoff, by Armstrong Perry

CAN an old man be made young again? This question, old as the human race, led me to Paris and to the door of Dr. Serge Voronoff, who, of all men, seems to be in the best position to give an authoritative answer. . . .

"You should understand," he said, "that every physician attends school for many years. His professors teach him that such and such things are facts. When another physician claims to have discovered new facts that seem to contradict, or to go beyond those previously known and taught, it is not easy for them to accommodate themselves to the new situation. I do not presume to compare myself with Pasteur, whose one hundredth anniversary celebration I have attended today, but like him I have been doubted. I have never been called a charlatan, as he so unjustly was, and in fact I could not be. A charlatan seeks money, while for the 50 operations that I have performed in *greffes testiculaires*, I have received not one centime.

"As for the skepticism concerning the results of my operations, there is this much foundation for it: in some cases the effect of the *greffes testiculaires* may be dissipated in from four to six months. It is like grafting new branches on an old tree; it may make the tree fruitful for a time but it does not make it a new tree. The condition of the tree has much to do with the result. If it is very feeble, or diseased, the result is not the same as it would be in a more vigorous tree.

"But this much I know, and anyone knows it who has seen my patients and investigated their history, that a man with the white ring of senility around the eye, a man who walks

feebly, sits listlessly in his chair, having all the marks of senility at the age of 65, 70 or older, will after *les greffes testiculaires* walk upright and with vigor, renew the firmness of the flesh, and function like a man of middle age. The operation will not make him the same as a man of 20 or 30 but it will make him function as a man of 45 or 50.

"My attention was drawn to the importance of the glands, and particularly those concerned with procreation, while I was surgeon to the Khedive of Egypt. There were as many as 60 eunuchs about the palace. They had neither beard nor moustaches; their cheeks were pendent; obesity was very marked. They had the appearance of senility at a very early age. One of them who died at 45 looked like a man of 90. It demonstrated a fact, now well known, that the male glands are not occupied entirely with procreation; they have one secretion for that purpose and another which puts force and energy into the muscles and mind.

"My first experiments in *greffes testiculaires* were made in 1917. At first I tried grafting glands on young goats that had previously been deprived of their own. The male characteristics that they had lost when their own glands were removed returned after new ones were grafted. In 1918 I made my first experiments on senile animals. I took a ram, 10 or 12 years of age, that the veterinarian told me might die at any time. He was so weak that his legs trembled when he stood. I grafted upon his glands those of a buck six months of age. In about two months there came a change in his attitude. His apathy, his air of defeat, his sad expression, gave way to a vivacity of

movement and a belligerent and combative spirit. His hair acquired lustre, his eye became lively, and instead of the indifference that he had previously shown in the presence of the sheep, he exhibited impetuosity and juvenile ardor. Isolated in a stable with a ewe, he became the father of a lamb. Four years after the grafting operations he gave proof of good health and remarkable vigor, although then far past the age at which most rams die.

"After 120 operations upon animals, all helping to establish the efficacy of *greffes testiculaires*, I performed the first similar operation upon a man. The subject was 45 years of age and had been deprived of his glands because they were tubercular. He had the appearance of a eunuch. . . . The loss of his glands had caused his beard and moustache to fall out. After the *greffes testiculaires* his beard grew to such an extent that he began shaving, a practice which he had abandoned 20 years before. The reappearance of these hairs after the grafting operation certainly cannot be ascribed to autosuggestion, to which certain critics have ascribed other phenomena that follow the *greffes testiculaires*.

"I used the glands of monkeys in this and subsequent *greffes testiculaires* on men because the glands of monkeys, and especially those of the anthropoid apes, are the only ones that can furnish satisfactory grafts.

"The oldest man on whom I performed the operation was 74. I owe him a debt of gratitude for permitting me to take photographs at the time of the operation and six months later and publish them. Before the operation he was a bent, obese old man with wrinkled skin, dull eyes, walking feebly as he leaned upon a heavy cane. For 12 years he had been an invalid.

"The operation was performed with only local anaesthetics. He left Paris 12 days later, and did not return until 8 months later. My preparator and myself were literally stupefied to see

that he had lost half of his embonpoint. His aspect was jovial, his movements vigorous, his eye clear and twinkling as he enjoyed our surprise. The fat had disappeared, the muscles were firm, his body had straightened, and hair was growing on his head, covering an area where there had been none before. He had in effect become 15 to 20 years younger. Last fall, 20 months after the operation, I examined him again. Not only had he retained the benefit of the operation but he was actually improving."

"Is a similar operation possible with women?" I asked. Dr. Voronoff replied, "Experiments with females have been performed only on animals thus far. It is too early to say what the result may be. Opening the abdomen is too serious an operation to perform on a human being until experiments with animals have proven the certainty of success. . . . Others will take up the work where I leave it. I cannot predict the future. I know that *greffes testiculaires* acts like a chemical process: put in the element and the reaction takes place. Remove the element and the reaction ceases."

Dr. Voronoff announced to a congress of medical men in London, six weeks after I interviewed him, that he would begin gland grafting operations of women in November. The Congress of Surgeons held in Paris in October removed any basis for calling Dr. Voronoff a surgical trickster by formal recognition of the surgeon as a great scientist. Conservative persons will wait of course for the slow process which eventually brought ultra-conservative physicians and surgeons to approve and perform such operations as those for diseased appendices and tonsils. On the other hand, persons who depend upon the testimony of their own eyes and ears, and who wish to stay the hand of death for a season, are investigating for themselves the results of Dr. Voronoff's *greffes testiculaires*.

# As I Like It

Excerpts from Scribner's Magazine

*William Lyon Phelps*

I AM absolutely certain that the reason for so many stodgy men and women, so many mechanical and monotonous minds, is that they do not arrange their lives so as to have some exciting games in the open air. They would enjoy both work and play, which would be an amazing change from their present condition. Now they have no play, and they do not enjoy their work.

Furthermore, I am a tremendous believer in the virtue of sweat. A game that brings out the sweat not only relieves the body of accumulated poison but cleanses the mind of much perilous stuff. Religious doubts, social problems, business worries, personal sorrows, cannot be solved or obliterated by sweat; but the sufferer can by sweat be put into a condition to triumph over them. Old Francis Quarles, the great Emblem poet of the 17th century, exclaimed with perhaps too much pungency for fastidious tastes, "I see no virtues where I smell no sweat."

Just as there are persons who do not laugh enough, so there are persons—usually the same ones—who do not sweat enough. My readers are all familiar with faces whose expression seldom changes; these people always look about the same. They have a horrible passivity. How strange it is that in a world like this there are so many human beings who regard it with expressionless eyes. If one of these worthies would review his existence for the last two weeks, he would discover that he had not once laughed aloud and he had not once been plunged in sweat. Man may exist, but man cannot live without sweating and laughing. . . .

I have often been asked this question: What is the most exciting

novel you have ever read? The answer is not difficult. I have been thrilled by "The Three Musketeers," "Treasure Island," "The Adventures of Captain Horn"; but the most exciting novel I have ever read is "The Wings of the Morning," by Louis Tracy. It opens with a shipwreck, and from the first word to the last, it never lags or sags. . . .

Mr. Thomas Sargeant Perry, one of the real scholars in America, makes a mot which should not be lost. Seeing a Harvard undergraduate with a huge H on his sweater, he remarked, "Yes, I see now what is meant by the way universities nourish the love of letters." . . .

Bernard Shaw's new play, "Saint Joan," is brilliant and challenging, and reaches a vertiginous height in the trial scene. If a secret ballot of the entire world could be taken today on the question, "Who is the most popular woman in secular history?" I believe that Joan of Arc would lead the list. It is a surprising fact that 25 years ago, three men temperamentally unsympathetic toward Joan should each have written a monumental work about her: Anatole France, Andrew Lang, and Mark Twain. The appeal of the Inspired Maid to all sorts and conditions of men is one of the most interesting facts in history. She was burned about 500 years ago—and Shakespeare, who wrote his historical plays mainly as nationalistic propaganda, represented her as no better than a street-walker assisted by the fiends of hell. Please reread as a curiosity "King Henry VI, Part I." Never has Joan of Arc stood so high in popular estimation as now; and yet it is clear that her fame is only in its dawn. Unless all signs fail, 50 years hence

she will dominate the minds and imaginations of men as never before. How strange it is that this ignorant girl should reach out hands from the grave and clutch the heartstrings of mankind! Perhaps it is partly because she really believed in Something. Cynicism and skepticism may amuse society and, by that strange contradiction so evident in human nature, may flatter the intelligence of those who are pleased with themselves; but this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

As a national idol of France, Joan is rising, Napoleon is falling. I suppose it is one more indication of the defeat of intellect by character. To compare the ex-Kaiser with the Emperor Napoleon is to compare the ridiculous with the sublime—for the Kaiser's ability was not equal to his ambition, whereas Napoleon was almost as clever as Satan—yet the comparison of the two men is, after all, favorable to the Kaiser. He wanted the earth and did not care how he got it; but he wanted it for Germany, and always thought of himself as the incarnate German Empire. I do not believe that Napoleon cared a rush for France; he cared for nothing except himself. He would rather have been Emperor of England than a subordinate officer in France. . . .

I should like to state in four words what I believe to be a natural law: Excess leads to Prohibition. It is not the fault of the Bolsheviks that Russia at present is such a hell; it is the excess of Tsarism lasting 200 years and becoming intolerable. Had even the late Tsar ruled wisely and moderately, he might have died in his bed. The French Revolution was not the work of madmen; it was caused chiefly by Louis XIV, Louis XV, and their counsellors. In turn, the excesses of the revolutionists led to their abolition, as will probably be the case in Russia. Napoleon was not beaten by Wellington; no one but himself could ever have beaten Napoleon, and he did the job thoroughly. What is true of big matters is also true of little things. A man who smokes all the time eventually

discovers that he cannot smoke at all. "The doctor told me I had to cut it out." Life is a dangerous game to play, and moderation is a rare virtue. . . .

Unlimited power is worse for the average person than unlimited alcohol; and the resulting intoxication is more damaging for others. Very few have not deteriorated when given absolute dominion; it is worse for the governor than for the governed. It is the basis of the ever-growing fame of both Washington and Lincoln that the more power they received, the more they showed themselves worthy of it; they are exceptions; in the list of American Presidents they stand apart. We have had many good Presidents, but whoever is named after Washington and Lincoln must be content with being a "bad third." . . .

Compton Mackenzie is assuredly not narrow. In the same month he publishes "The Parson's Progress," also another highly interesting novel called "The Seven Ages of Woman," where religion is hardly more than mentioned, and the regular issue of his magazine, "The Gramophone." But this diversity is normal and natural; everyone who is interested in religion should be interested in everything else, for religion gives vitality and significance to all things. . . .

I view the present theatrical season with particular satisfaction, because two cardinal articles in my dramatic creed receive effective support. I believe that "Cyrano de Bergerac" is the greatest drama since "Faust," and the finest play since Shakespeare; it is also my opinion that Walter Hampden is one of the most admirable actors of our generation. My second article of belief is that J. M. Barrie is the foremost living playwright in the world.

It is fortunate that many of his plays have been published, and printed with such original stage directions that the books take the reader straight into the theatre. Let me recommend to the thousands of reading clubs in our country the study of Barrie's plays. A year could profitably be spent on the half dozen volumes that have appeared.

# Via the "Land of the Midnight Sun"

Condensed from The National Geographic Magazine

Vilhjalmur Stefansson

WE shall "soon" be booking our passage from New York to Liverpool, or London to Tokyo, by dirigible or plane in as matter-of-course a way as we now book our passage by steamer. When Tennyson spoke of the "aerial navies grappling in the central blue," he was a poet and a prophet, for no inventions were then available the mere development of which could make such dreams a reality. When we now speak of the coming transoceanic air commerce, we are no longer prophets, for we are merely considering the daily and yearly increase in efficiency of inventions which we now have.

It will then be thought an absurdity for those in a hurry to go from England to Japan by way of either New York or Montreal. They will fly by trans-polar air routes from North Europe to eastern Asia. Petrograd and points in northern Asia will be reached from New York or Chicago by direct air routes via Cape Farewell in Greenland, and Iceland.

For the coming popularity of these routes there are three main reasons. We shall consider these in their relation to the needs of a passenger who wants to go from England to Japan. The first advantage of the polar route is its shortness. The present route from Liverpool to Yokohama via Montreal is 11,000 miles. The air route is only 4,960 miles, or about half the present regular route between the two countries.

The speed of the dirigible that has already crossed the Atlantic was great enough so that, had it started north from Scotland after a spring sunrise, it could have reached the area of perpetual daylight, near Iceland, in 15 or 20 hours. This means that such a dirigible would not be over-

taken by darkness at all in the beginning of its trip and would meet its first night only after crossing the polar area and penetrating well into Asia. In air voyages no less than sea voyages, things will doubtless go wrong. This brings us to the second great advantage of the northern route. If you get into trouble, you would rather that it happened in daylight than in darkness. In stories of sea tragedies the plunging of the whole ship into inky darkness is often the most terrifying feature. Just when a crisis brings the need of swift action, every effort is thwarted because no man can see what to do or what others are doing. Under the perpetual sun of the polar summer, we shall always be free from at least this attribute of southern tragedy.

On the polar route, although the surface of the sea may not be more than half covered by substantial cakes of ice, there would be a reasonable certainty of landing on one of them. Were there a forced landing in open water, it would presumably not be more than a few miles from the nearest ice-floe, which could be reached by such life-rafts or other devices as a dirigible would naturally carry on a transatlantic voyage in southern latitudes. Thus, the presence of stable ice-floes in the polar ocean is the third great advantage of this route.

The temperature on the ice-floes in summer is usually warm enough for comfort, when one is dressed in even medium clothing; occasionally it is uncomfortably warm. Such a landing would be infinitely preferable to a landing among breaking seas in mid-Atlantic. One effect of scattered floes is that even in a gale there are no heavy seas. If S. O. S. calls, con-



taining, as they always do, position as to latitude and longitude were sent out, the party would have weeks, and even months, for opportunities of rescue.

If not a fourth great advantage, at least a contributory merit of the polar route will be "The Midnight Sun" and kindred marvels, which can be exploited from the tourist point of view by the air liners of the future no less than they are by the tourist boats of today.

Most people are misinformed as to the climate in the Arctic. We have all of us learned in school that, per square mile per hour, there is more heat received from the sun at the earth's Equator than anywhere else. However, we have commonly failed to grasp the fact that, while each hour of sunlight brings most heat to the Equator, the hours of sunlight per day in summer increase in number as we go north. Actually, as you go north, the length of day in midsummer increases more rapidly than the amount of heat per hour decreases; so that, although the heat per hour received at Winnipeg is less than it is in New Orleans, the amount of heat received per day is greater. That is one reason why Winnipeg is frequently hotter than New Orleans in July.

For something like five weeks every summer more heat per day is received from the sun on a square mile in the Arctic than at the Equator. If the North Pole were located on an extensive low land, remote from high mountains or any large bodies of water, it would be about as hot as the Equator on the Fourth of July. There is, however, at the Pole and in the remote north a local refrigeration that tempers what otherwise would be unbearable heat. The winters are long, and a great deal of "cold" is stored up in the ocean and in the ice floes. Yet it is probable that the air ten feet above the middle of the polar ocean is seldom colder, in summer, than 50 degrees above zero. Higher up it would be some-

what warmer. This means that conditions of flying would be about the same over the polar ocean in July as they would be in France or England in the early spring.

It is certain that there is far less permanent ice and snow in the lowland of north Siberia than there is in the mountains of Mexico. In arctic Canada we have ice-free lowland everywhere except in the Yukon. In Siberia and Canada, therefore, an aggregate area much larger than the whole of the United States where there is no stored-up "cold" to moderate the heat of the arctic daylight, except the slight chill of the frozen subsoil. This is kept from having much effect on the air by the insulation over it of the cloak of vegetation.

Accordingly, we find that at Fort Yukon, in Alaska, north of the Arctic Circle, the U. S. Weather Bureau has recorded the temperature of 100 degrees in the shade. No thoughtful person will, therefore, suppose that transpolar air journeys will in summer be interfered with by low temperatures.

As the cereal belts of middle Canada and middle Siberia are increasingly cultivated, great cities will grow up nearer and nearer the Arctic. We have their beginning already. Thirty years ago Edmonton, for instance, was a village supposed to be too far north ever to become anything but a fur-trading post. Today it is a city of 60,000 inhabitants. The oil fields of the lower Mackenzie, where the Standard Oil Company has extensive operations, and the copper district north of Great Bear Lake already hold a definite promise as commercial centers. As the centers of population continue to move north in Canada and Siberia, the importance of the transpolar air routes will correspondingly increase. Whoever grasps at all the vast natural resources of the polar lands will realize that any number of transarctic air routes are destined to come into every-day use.



# The Strangest Human Documents

Excerpts from *The American Magazine* (May '24)

Harold E. Lippincott

**W**HEN you make your will, you are preparing to leave behind you an unconscious revelation of your nature. Of all "human documents," wills are perhaps the most extraordinary. There is the clutch of greed, the stab of revenge, the thrust of jealousy, the expression of generous confidence, of mercy, of protecting foresight. And almost invariably the dead hand tries to have a controlling finger in the affairs of the living, sometimes unto the third and fourth generation.

A great many persons leave a legacy to some person—but only on certain conditions. It has always been a very common thing for a husband to attempt, by the provisions of his will, to prevent, or to discourage, the remarriage of his widow. I don't think I ever heard of a wife trying to make any such restriction in her will.

An Italian nobleman once left his estate of \$50,000 to his widow—provided she entered a certain religious order and spent the rest of her days praying for the repose of his soul! If she refused, the money was to go to the religious order direct. However, in this case the husband is said to have had some excuse, since he knew there was a man all ready to step into his shoes. Then there was the Boston man whose will left his wife penniless unless she married within five years. He said he wanted someone else to find out how hard she was to live with. A very different spirit was shown by a successful merchant, who made a will leaving all his property to his wife, and then added these words:

I trust she will not again marry any man, for fear of meeting with so evil a husband as I have been to her.

Sometimes a person wants to perpetuate some grouch after his death. Apparently a wealthy patent lawyer of Washington, D. C., had been unfortunate in his experience with women, for, in leaving his estate to his eight-year-old foster son, he wrote:

I particularly request my executors to thoughtfully and well guard my beloved son from women, and to let him be informed and know the artful and parasitical nature of most of the unfortunate sex, and to take care that he does not marry beneath him.

Another man left his daughter \$150,000, but his will provided that should she be "afflicted with children," the trustees were to pay \$10,000 out of her legacy to a certain hospital, and an additional \$10,000 on the birth of each "fresh" child till the \$150,000 was exhausted. The will added that, "should any portion of this sum be left at the end of 20 years, the balance is to be paid to her to use as she thinks fit."

In many cases the "string" attached to a will is merely an expression of some strong preference. Dr. Kravskopf, the famous Philadelphia rabbi who died last year, after requesting that there be no display, even of flowers, at his funeral, wrote in his will:

I look upon death as the portal to another life, to the more important of the two. While I feel that I have not performed my work as well as I should have liked to do, still I feel that I have done nothing for which either my family or friends need mourn, or wear the trappings of sorrow. . . . It may not be regarded as the least of my work if I shall have inspired my family to set themselves against the mourning practices now in vogue. Men do not mourn nor deck themselves with the trappings of sorrow, or shut out the light of their homes and lives, when one of their dear ones is promoted from a lower to a high-

er station. Such promotion, to my mind, comes to the soul at the moment of death, if it have lived worthily.

In the will of Stuyvesant Fish, who was at one time the chief owner of the Illinois Central Railroad, we find a curious desire to avoid what may be called post-mortem vanity. He wrote:

Having observed, and always believed, that charitable bequests afford the testator a means of gratifying his vanity at the expense of his heirs, I make none.

The lengthy moralizing that once was so common in wills has now largely given way to businesslike brevity. But the brevity is sometimes carried to an extreme, as in this recent will:

I, —, bequeath to my beloved wife, —, everything of which I die possessed, and appoint her executrix without bond.

So far, so good. But the maker of this will affixed to it only his initials, and it was witnessed by only one person, whereas the laws of every state require two or more. . . . So long as a will shows its maker's intentions and gives sufficient power to carry out his wishes, as by the appointment of an executor, it need not follow any particular language. But it is necessary that it shall positively appear that what purports to be a will actually is one, and that it is the will of the person represented to be its maker. Hence the provisions that a will shall be subscribed by its maker at the end; that the maker declare it to be his will in the presence of at least two witnesses, and that these witnesses also shall sign their names at the end of the will at his request. A layman may entirely overlook little requirements which are well known to every lawyer. A citizen of New York who died in China made no mention in his will of the place where the will was executed, and the two witnesses neglected to give their addresses. These omissions will cause considerable delay in its probating, and for their failure to give their addresses the witnesses are liable to a penalty of \$50.

Curious situations sometimes arise

when people leave money to be devoted to some charity in perpetuity, that is, forever. "Forever" is a long time; and you must not think that the world is going to stand still after you die. Before the Civil War, a number of persons left "permanent funds" for capturing fugitive slaves. The funds still exist—but there are no fugitive slaves to be captured. In 1626, an Englishman provided in his will that the income from half his fortune should be used to ransom pirates' captives. Since 1723, not a single applicant has qualified. During the gold rush to California, in 1849, St. Louis was the western terminus of the railroads. Many gold seekers were stranded there. The mayor of St. Louis in his will created a fund to help these "distressed travelers." The fund has grown to a million dollars; but its original object has ceased to exist. However, in this case, the income has been used by the Travelers' Aid Society.

Stephen Girard of Philadelphia died 93 years ago, leaving \$5,200,000 to care for orphan boys. But he limited the number of boys to 1,600. The original fund is said to have grown to \$60,000,000. The trustees have put up splendid buildings; there is one teacher to every three and one-half students; but even so, they cannot begin to spend the income.

In 1802, an old sea captain named Randall left \$7,000 and a farm on Manhattan Island to found a home for sailors, and for no other purpose. That "farm" is now worth \$75,000,000, and the income from it is over a million dollars a year. And Snug Harbor, the sailors' home, has only about 100 inmates. They have every possible comfort. And yet only about half that million-dollar income is spent each year. The rest goes on piling up. . . . Such cases as these have led to a new development, known as the "community trust fund." Cleveland, New York, and 40 other cities, have established these funds. [See "The Dead Hand Harnessed," Reader's Digest, Dec. '23.]

# Limitations of Authorship in America

Condensed from *The Bookman* (May '24)

*Hamlin Garland*

FROM time to time during the last 30 years various literary critics, at home or abroad, have been putting forth sadly pessimistic statements concerning the shallowness of American fiction. They have made much of our "thin and sandy social soil" as a barrier to rich and colorful aesthetic production. But in none of these papers has sufficient emphasis been laid upon the influence of the publisher.

I am fitted to discuss this problem because I write from the vantage ground of 40 years' practical authorship. I have been through the mill. When I began to write it was on the basis of a small salary as a teacher of literature. As an author the money question did not greatly trouble me. It was possible for me to write in my own way, without thought of the editor. And I was fortunate in another condition. The editors of that time were men of letters and not merely business men. Thomas Bailey Aldrich of *The Atlantic*, Richard Watson Gilder of *The Century*, Henry M. Alden of Harper's, and other men of like literary interests and training. Magazines at that time were of comparatively small circulation and the advertising sections were subordinate to the literary contents. The editors permitted themselves to purchase manuscripts which they themselves enjoyed and valued rather than manuscripts which their advertising managers approved.

The fact is, the magazines of 1887 had only just begun to take on pronounced value as advertising bulletins. The editor was still asking himself, "Will this article interest 20,000 regular subscribers?" and had not yet begun to say, "Will this amuse 2,000,000 casual purchasers?" . . .

Today we have a score of magazines each with more than a million circulation. They print their literature side by side with advertising in order that the virtues of certain brands of underwear, safety razors, and patent fertilizers may not be overlooked. For such copy as will assist in their advertising campaigns they are willing to pay a bonus.

Let us be fair. The editor is glad, of course, if he can occasionally buy a story on its literary merit rather than on its possession of "pep"—but "pep" it must first of all contain. Lacking a faith that his readers will have time to catch a distinctive note or a subtle individual flavor, the editor is perpetually in search of manuscripts which embody the greatest common denominator, for at his elbow stands the advertising man and behind them both a group of stockholders.

This appeal to the public is all very well when the public is homogeneous in character and thoughtful in its appreciation, as it was (measurably) in 1890. During the last 30 years an enormous mass of old world peasantry has been thrown into our social group. Our public schools have been overloaded with the sons and daughters of these Europeans, and the result is a production of half educated, half assimilated men and women whose appetites and extravagances offer a golden opportunity for the merchants and manufacturers of the country. Through them and their purchasing power the editor (and in the end the writer) is corrupted. Millions of readers without literary taste are at this moment buying what they like, and their crude

demands have turned most of our magazines and newspapers into broadsheet advertising bulletins, their editors into business agents, and their writers into clever purveyors. In not a few cases periodical editors and writers have become panderers to the baser appetites of their readers.

An editor recently said to me: "Most readers do not reflect—to think is painful—they only feel. They read fiction to glow, to throb. They demand easy reading. Careful workmanship, subtle humor, individual quality are all but lost in this mad hustle for colossal circulation and the money of the advertiser. . . . Furthermore, the illustrator is involved. He does not illustrate the story, he "lightens up the page." His work is standardized. Each artist appears to possess a set of lay figures. The same beardless youth, bearing up the same smart suit, leans over the same slim girl clothed in the same desirable model of (advertised) women's gowns. The faces of these characters are insipid and their action for the most part shows no real relationship to the text.

"In short," my friend said, "the artists, like the writers, are merely advertising decoys. Their brushes help the sale of cosmetics, hosiery, and automobiles. Their drawings are as lacking in truth as the fiction which they pretend to illustrate."

That the literature of democracy—in the sense of pleasing the millions—cannot be primarily reflective nor especially refined is unquestionably true of the present day. And the artist's work to be popular must be easily apprehended. In this cheapening appeal the novelist undoubtedly shares. For unless he is satisfied to plod obscurely his unnoted path among his neighbors, he must forget Howells and Hawthorne and James and keep in mind the people he sees in the street cars, the girls in the subway, and the loafers along the railway platforms of country towns, for these after all are the judges to

whom the popular magazine editor submits a large part of his wares.

The fact is, our publishers and managers, in their desire to reach the millions, are dictating to both artist and author. Whether they realize it or not they are a vast corrupting, standardizing influence. Standardization—that is the process. How can it be otherwise? Do these editors say, "There is a fine, original, beautiful and artistic piece of writing and I will publish it," or do they say, "This is good work but—will it sell?" Do the proprietors of these great publishing houses instruct their editors to read for taste and skill or grace, or for selling quality? Do not many hasty, shallow books get published merely because they have a sensational appeal to the unthinking reader?

Honorable exceptions to these rules do exist. There are still existent editors and publishers who can buy what they personally admire, but they are so few as to be lonely.

The effect of the present campaign for enormous sale on the part of our publishers and editors is not only a cheapening and standardizing influence on American authorship; it forms an almost insuperable barrier against the rise of a nobly representative unhurried literature. If it is true that present day American literature is on the whole disappointing and shallow, this state of affairs is due in large measure to the dictates of the millions who want easy reading, stereotyped humor, and flashy illustration. I permit myself to think that American literature should somehow be considered quite apart from the sale of underwear or safety razors. . . .

I sometimes comfort myself by quoting the old oriental who was wont to console his friends by saying, "This too shall pass away!" When there are all about me conditions which trouble me I say, "This too shall pass away!"

# The Movies 100 Years From Now

Condensed from Collier's, The National Weekly (May 3, '24)

David Wark Griffith

**I**N the year 2024 the most important single thing which the cinema will have helped in a large way to accomplish will be that of eliminating from the face of the civilized world all armed conflict. Pictures will be the most powerful factor in bringing about this condition. With the use of the universal language of moving pictures the true meaning of the brotherhood of man will have been established throughout the earth. For example, the Englishman will have learned that the soul of the Japanese is, essentially, the same as his own. The Frenchman will realize that the American's ideals are his ideals. All men are created equal.

One hundred years from now you will walk into your favorite film theatre and see your actors appearing in twice the size you see them now, because the screens will be twice as large, and the film itself twice as large also. With these enlargements, "close-ups" will be almost eliminated, since it will be relatively easy to picture facial expression along with the full figure of the performer. It will always be necessary to picture the face in pictures. It is the face which reflects the soul of a man.

In the year 2024 our directors of the better order will be men graduated from schools and colleges carrying in their curriculum courses in motion-picture direction. Our actors and actresses will be artists graduated from schools and colleges either devoted exclusively to the teaching and study of motion-picture acting or carrying highly specialized courses in acting before the camera. This is inevitable.

Probably a dozen times each week persons ask me if I think color photography in the motion pictures will

be perfected and made practical. Most assuredly, I do think so. Certainly all color processes and tint methods at present in use are wrong. At present the colored pictures we see are made by the use of gelatines on the film or by the use of vari-colored lenses which fly before the film. Thus we find a great lack of harmony and accuracy. Only through one method will color be naturally and properly given to objects and persons in the motion pictures. This is a method which will develop a film so sensitive that it will record the natural tints and colors as the picture is being photographed. One hundred years from now the color of a woman's eyes and hair, the tint of the sea, the hues of the rainbow itself will be a natural part of every motion picture play.

On the other hand, I am quite positive that when a century has passed, all thought of our so-called speaking pictures will have been abandoned. The very nature of the films foregoes not only the necessity for but the propriety of the spoken voice. Music—fine music—will always be the voice of the silent drama. One hundred years from now you will find the greatest composers of that day devoting their skill and their genius to the creation of motion picture music. Music will be applied to the visualization of the human being's imagination. And, as in your imagination, those unseen voices are always perfect and sweet, or else magnificent and thrilling, you will find them registering upon the mind of the picture patron, in terms of lovely music, precisely what the author intended to be registered there. There is no voice in the world like the voice of music. To me those images on the screen



must always be silent. Anything else would work at cross purposes with the real object of this new medium of expression. Why should there be speaking pictures when no voice can speak so beautifully as music? There are no dissonant r's and twisted consonants and guttural slurs and nasal twangs in beautiful music. The average persons would much prefer to see his pictures and let the voice which speaks to him be the voice of music—one of the most perfect of all the arts. String quartets will play for the mood of a string quartet; sighing guitars and thumpety banjos will play for their mood in the picture play; symphonic orchestras of greater proportions than we now dream of will be employed for moods to fit the sublime and the grand.

We have scarcely an inkling of what the development of music is going to be in the film play.

Despite the great rise in attendance in the last few years, the film now plays a narrow part in our everyday life. One hundred years hence, I believe, the airplane passenger lines will operate motion picture shows on regular schedule between New York and Chicago and between New York and London. Trains will have film theatres on board. Almost every home of good taste will have its private projection room where miniatures, perhaps, of the greater films will be shown to the family, and, of course, families will make their albums in motion pictures instead of in "stills." Steamships will boast of first runs, which will be taken to them in midocean by airplanes. Almost all subjects in our schools will be taught largely with the use of picture play and the educational animated picture.

By the time these things come to pass, there will be no such thing as a flicker in your film. Your characters and objects in pictures will come upon the screen precisely as these persons and objects appear in real life. That much discussed "depth" in pictures will long since have been discovered and adopted.

If a character moves before a fireplace you will recognize the distance as between the character and the fireplace. Likewise, in landscapes, you will feel the proper sense of distance. Your mountain peaks will not appear to rise one on top of the other, but will appear exactly as if you stood and looked at them. In other words, from the standpoint of naturalness, motion pictures will become so nearly like the living person or the existing object pictured that you will be unable to determine whether they are pictures or the real thing.

By that time our studios will be great spreading institutions, as large as many of the cities surrounding New York. I think that there will be no concentrated motion picture production such as our Hollywood of today. Films will be made in various cities, most of which will be located near to New York.

It nettles me at times when I am asked if I do not think that in time the popularity of the motion pictures will subside. It seems to me ridiculous. As ridiculous as to assume that the popularity of music, or painting, or acting on our spoken stage will go out.

Consider my own "Birth of a Nation." It was revived two years ago, after having been off for ten years, and it was as great a success in revival as in the original. One hundred years from now we shall have novelists devoting all their energies toward creating motion picture originals. Motion picture historians will have developed. Motion picture artists of all kinds will have grown up.

A century hence it will cost perhaps twice as much as it costs today to see the really first-class cinema. The average high-class film play of 2024 will be on view at not less than \$5 a seat.

The motion picture is a child that has been given life in our generation. As it grows older it will develop marvelously. We poor souls can scarcely visualize or dream of its possibilities.

# Psychology, Disarmament and Peace

Condensed from *The North American Review* (May '24)

William McDougall, F. R. S.

IF we would effectively intervene in the affairs of nations in order to bring harmony in place of strife, we must constantly have regard to the facts of human nature, we must think psychologically. Although psychology is being applied to an ever increasing extent in the practice of education, in industry, and in medicine, it is still conspicuously lacking in the sphere of international relations. Here it is still assumed that men are governed solely by the desire for economic prosperity; that all that is needed to produce the millennium is maximum production and equitable distribution of goods. From many illustrations I need only mention Mr. Norman Angell's assumption that nations go to war for economic gain and his anticipation that the demonstration of the economic futility of war is the sure way to prevent it; or the confident prophecies before the World War to the effect that European war, if it should break out, could not last more than a few months, by reason of economic exhaustion and financial chaos. We hear it repeatedly asserted that reparations, international debts, and disturbed exchanges are the root of all the trouble; that, if and when these economic tangles can be straightened out, all will be well.

There is to be heard the voice of another party, whose prescriptions are equally futile for the same reason, namely, that they are not based on any sound psychology. This is the voice of the "idealists," which insists that "until the root of envy, malice, etc., are eliminated from consciousness, the mainspring of war will be undestroyed."

Both of these schools of thought fail to take account of the funda-

mental facts of the present situation in Europe, facts which are purely psychological. Those facts are first, the French fear of future aggression by Germany; secondly, the fact that France can be turned from her present policy only by guaranteeing her against aggression, by allaying her fear. These facts follow deductively from the history of European relations and from our knowledge of human nature. Yet these two fundamental facts are commonly ignored or passed lightly over. The policy pursued by France has been the only one open to her statesmen. The first duty of a statesman is to secure his country against destruction. Let each of us admit that, if he were a patriotic far-seeing Frenchman, he would under present conditions be bound to support a policy aiming at such treatment of Germany as will prevent her regaining her former economic ascendancy. For such ascendancy would mean at least potential military ascendancy: and that in turn would be a terrible threat to France. A keen leader in the American business world, Mr. Edward Filene, has lately asserted: "No French government could have survived, if it had tried to follow any other policy than that of continued pressure on Germany. If I were a Frenchman I should have supported Poincaré's foreign policy. . . . Until assured of safety, France will maintain her armies as the strongest in Europe. The cure for the so-called French militarism must come through an assurance of safety."

We must apply psychological thinking to the German nation also. When we do that, we shall appreciate the fact that Germany's history and her geographical position combined to

render the German people chronically fearful of simultaneous aggression from East and West, and abnormally apprehensive. We shall understand that that the German nation was a chronic sufferer from a fear-complex. We shall remember that a man who suffers in a similar way is apt, in his natural desire to maintain his self-respect and the respect of others, to compensate for his repressed fear by a boastful aggressive behavior that makes him appear to be a natural swashbuckler and fire-eater. It was this fear-complex that made it possible for the German Government to impose upon the mass of the people, who are anything but warlike by nature, the burdens of militarism. And above all, we shall realize that those unfortunate conditions remain, and in fact have been aggravated immensely by the war.

The one indispensable measure for the salvation of the tortured civilization of Europe is the establishment of some adequate protection of nations against unjustified aggression. For fear of aggression, of military invasion, is the tap-root of all the trouble; that which alone renders possible and inevitable the flourishing of militarism, the maintenance of armaments, and the imminent risk of war, in spite of the strong desire for peace of the vast majority of Europeans of all nations. And this fear, which was the fundamental cause of the Great War, has been magnified a hundred fold by that disaster. The new terrors added to warfare by recent inventions, the new ruthlessness in the application of these terrible agencies to civilian populations, these modern developments have magnified the fears of all nations, rendering them more than ever nervous, defensive, apt to undertake offense as the best mode of defense, and therefore more aggressive. Fortunately, the increased horribleness of war and the exposure of all its civilians to its horrors have disposed all peoples to seek some way of preventing war.

Self-preservation is Nature's first law for men and animals. In the

service of this function, Nature has endowed men and animals alike with an immensely powerful instinct of fear. It is futile to suppose that the unrest of Europe can be allayed by any economic adjustments, so long as the first essential of harmonious cooperation is lacking, namely, security. . . . Idealists, the world over, are putting their trust and their hopes in the League of Nations. But it is, I think, beyond dispute that, as at present constituted, the League is incapable of guaranteeing the world against disastrous wars.

Articles X and XVI of the Covenant of the League were meant to provide the force needed for the protection of nations. But these articles entitle the League merely to advise, to recommend to its member-nations, cooperation in military or economic pressure for the prevention of aggression. They do not bind the member-nations to any effective action on behalf of threatened States. Yet America refuses to participate in the League, just because the bulk of her people are strongly averse from assuming the shadowy obligations imposed by these two Articles, fearing that these might involve her in participation in European war.

However, I feel sure that it is unjust to the American people to assert that this is the sole ground for American refusal to join the League. There is a vast number of Americans who are willing to make sacrifices to help Europe, but who are not advocates of joining the League just because they see that the League has not the power to achieve its prime object, namely, the protection of nations against aggressive war.

But fortunately there remains a possibility of providing effective sanctions, a plan which is perfectly practicable and which would provide sure protection for unoffending nations. Such a plan I have sketched in my "Ethics and Some Modern World-Problems." Its essence is the proposal to arm the Court of International Justice with an exclusive and highly efficient Air Force, and at the same time to suppress by international agreement all other aerial navigation. In this way, and in this way alone, I believe can International Justice be endowed with any effective sanction, the fears of nations be laid to rest, and the era of general disarmament and lasting peace be instituted in all the earth.

# The Venerable Inns of Old England

Condensed from *Travel* (April '24)

Diarmid McDermott

**I**N our world of here today and gone tomorrow, it seems almost inconceivable that the English country inn has had a life of more than 800 years—eight centuries!

In the era of the Norman kings England was a purely agricultural nation and its villages were little or nothing more than gatherings of thatched and clay-walled hovels about the church and manor house. Like many of the European countries, England was not a great welded nation but a loose bundle of very independent manors, each presided over by its feudal lord who might as well have been king for all the power any one else had in his district. He was indeed more than likely to give orders that no one should leave his district and to search any stranger who wandered into it. The manor house in each community was the center of activity, the courts and all medieval ceremonies of feudalism being held within its walls. In the early days any traveler who chanced to be in the district had perforce to stay at the manor house whether he wished to or not. He probably got free lodgings, which consisted of a meal and a place upon the rushes in the great hall where men at arms and retainers all slept together. Possibly the travelers' gift to the hosteler when he sneaked away in the morning was the original of the tip which one is now expected to give the butler of a country house on leaving after a visit.

Toward the end of the 14th century, however, a change came over the country. The nobles, impoverished by unsuccessful lobbying at court and by equally unremunerative participation in disastrous foreign wars, retired to live more modestly

at their country seats and left stewards in charge of their manors, now visited by an increasing number of travelers. Later on the steward was replaced by a regular inn-keeper and the manor, still bearing the arms of its lord, became the local inn and was called the Neville Arms, the Warwick Arms or some other Arms. All inns with any length of legitimate history which have the word arms in their name are fairly certain to be manorial inns.

The monasteries, too, became a stopping place for travelers, the wealthy seeking their comparative security and the poor their freely offered hospitality. It will be remembered that Quentin Durward in Scott's novel sought out monastic lodgings on his journey because of the greater ease which the unobtrusive care of the monks offered in keeping his mission a secret. The way in which these monasteries became inns is interesting. The nobles who frequented them generally had in their train a great many servitors who, after a good meal and plenty of ale, were likely to be boisterous. This consideration prompted the monks to build special guest houses outside the walls of the monastery. One of the most popular names for a monastic inn was "The Bull" or some combination of it with lurid adjectives.

There was another cause for the rise of the inn in England. It was one which was closely bound up with the later struggles, ultimately successful, of the British commoner to escape from the domination of landed proprietors. Chaucer in the "Canterbury Tales" shows plainly what this was. It was the growing popularity of the idea of making pilgrimages. While the b illigent barons and

their unscrupulous retainers were off at the crusades the ordinary Englishman had an opportunity to wander about visiting his own home shrines, such as Glastonbury, Canterbury, Bury St. Edmunds and Durham where relics of St. Cuthbert and the Venerable Bede were lodged. These pilgrimages gave the ordinarily stay-at-home Britisher an excuse for wandering about and seeing the country, also, as Chaucer suggests, giving him an opportunity to satisfy his wanderlust. There were many considerations which made the business of being a pilgrim seem tempting. In the first place no pilgrim could have any legal proceedings taken against him while he was away, whether for debt or any other cause. Then it was widely known that even highwaymen respected the property and person of travelers on the way to a holy shrine. There were cases of robbery in which the stolen goods were returned after discovery of the voyager's errand by the robber. Pilgrimages, as an English writer has said, "instilled into the heart of the people that roving, restless spirit which made the Englishman the most successful colonizer the world has known." The people of Britain remembered their last English king even under the yoke of foreign domination which had come upon them. Edward the Confessor's tomb in Westminster Abbey became the object of innumerable pilgrimages and Canterbury, where St. Thomas, the first commoner who had dared to contest the power of the king, was martyred, became the mecca for more than one-tenth of the population of England in a single year.

The merchant, who was in debt could escape under the holy pretext of a pilgrimage, the workman who had grown weary of his job could use his pilgrim wanderlust as a pretext for running to some neighboring town in search of a new master. From morn till night along the great Roman roads a curious procession took its way.

Never at any time were there suffi-

cient accommodations along the pilgrims' routes to take care of these hordes at nightfall. The landed gentry did not regard with any favor this evidence of restlessness among the common people and consequently gave the pilgrims no welcome at manorial inns. The monastery inn would have welcomed them had there been sufficient room. Accordingly it became necessary to found a new type of wayside accommodation. This was the Hospice, a cross between an inn and a charitable shelter where pilgrims were especially catered to. Many English inns of today have had their origin in hospices although their names may have become unrecognizable like that of the Ostrich at Colnbrook, which is a corruption of the word hospice.

Still another kind of inn is that which has had its origin in the needs of some craft guild of the middle ages for a meeting place. There are today among English hostleries many names which suggest guild origins such as St. Crispin's the patron saint of the shoemakers, The Holy Blaise, after the patron saint of the weavers, or the Carpenter's Arms.

From these remote origins have come the inns which give to travel over the English countryside its peculiarly mellow atmosphere. The counties of Surrey and Sussex and Kent, in the immediate neighborhood of London, are rich in ancient monastic and manorial inns and the explorer in search of medieval atmosphere will find it in their picturesque byways. It is often possible, so closely are they packed together, to sleep in one, have lunch in another, tea at a third, dinner at a fourth and spend the next night in still another. To find them you must be persistent and inquire from village to village. But you will be well rewarded and you will touch the heart of English history and live more closely than in any other way to the charm and romance of the day that is gone and buried all too deeply under the veneer of haste and futility which is modern civilization.



# The Preacher's Handicap

Condensed from *The Atlantic Monthly* (May '24)

Herbert W. Horwill

ON a recent Sunday I found myself in a city where I learned that the pulpit of one of the churches was to be occupied by a preacher whom I had long wished to hear. At eleven punctually I was in my seat. Although there was no lesson, the program included ten items in all before the preacher gave out his text. It was not until I had waited 55 minutes that I was able to fulfill the desire that had drawn me to the church.

Now, there is no preliminary period of involuntary detention if we go to hear a lecturer or musician or to see the performance of a play. It is the preacher, and the preacher alone against whose contact with the people whom he hopes to influence there is erected any sort of barricade. The only imaginable excuse that can be advanced for it is the theory that the whole service is essentially of one piece, and that you cannot divide it into: (1) worship and (2) sermon without ruining each section of it. The worship, it is held, is necessary to create a proper "atmosphere" for the preacher, and the sermon is equally required to bring the worship to a climax.

This theory, I maintain, is entirely mistaken. Nowadays, what precedes the sermon is seldom in any real sense, a preparation for it. It fails to produce in the members of the congregation the mood which best fits them to derive the maximum benefit from the preacher's discourse. In the days when the typical worship consisted mainly of fervent prayers and hearty congregational singing, and when the typical sermon was an emotional appeal, it may have been otherwise. But a change has passed over each part of it. In most Ameri-

can non-Episcopal churches, at any rate, the first part now approximates a concert. As a musical entertainment it may reach a high standard of excellence and may be quite enjoyable, but as a spiritual tonic it is naught. Moreover, the transition from the first part of the service to the sermon is an abrupt one. The sermon demands mental activity on the part of the hearers. There must be mental activity, of course, in any true worship also, but not of such a critical type.

The existing practice handicaps the preacher in many ways and subjects him to disabilities from which other public speakers are exempt. He is never allowed to address an audience that brings to him the mental freshness and alertness which he deserves to find in his hearers. Some of them are irritated by the preliminary series of exercises; more are wearied or bored by it. All of them, especially when it is protracted to the length of an hour, have suffered a certain diminution in their power of concentrating upon what the preacher has to say. If they came to the sermon direct from the street, they would be able to listen to it more intently and with less wandering of thought. The situation thus tempts the preacher to attempt a more sensational style than is wholesome. The congregation has to be aroused from listlessness.

Then there is imposed upon the preacher himself an unnecessary strain which makes against his efficiency in the pulpit. He has come to the church with a message, which he is anxious to deliver in such a way that it will make a permanent impression. The more completely it dominates his whole mind at the mo-

ment, the more likely it is to achieve the desired result. But when he reaches the pulpit the way is blocked by the interposition of this worship program, in the conduct of which he may, or may not, himself be required to take the leading part. In the former instance there is a diversion of attention and thought, which inevitably takes away something from the physical, mental, and spiritual energy that he is able to give to the delivery of his discourse. In the latter, his attitude is that of more or less impatient waiting, in circumstances that naturally produce considerable nervous irritation. (Actually the best immediate preparation for preaching would be an opportunity for private, rather than public, devotion. The ideal arrangement would be one which allowed the preacher to seclude himself—for the period preceding the sermon—in an adjoining room, from which he would be summoned at the last possible moment.) In either case, when the time comes to give out his text, the preacher, like the congregation, has begun to be tired. He has lost, in considerable measure, whatever freshness of spirit he brought to the beginning of the service.

The time limit imposed on the sermon when it is made only one item in a long program is a further handicap to the preacher's efficiency. If he is dealing with a big subject, he has no chance of planning out his discourse on an adequate scale. One of the most frequent complaints made of contemporary preaching is that it is not sufficiently educational spiritually. It is absurd to say that congregations would not listen to discourses of an hour in length. The demand for short sermons is a reaction from long ones that come at an end of a diet of worship in accordance with the existing custom.

The preacher is handicapped further by the narrowing of his opportunities of influence consequent upon the absence of persons to whom the

preliminary service is a barrier. Some unconventional people, it is true, cut the knot by arriving late, but no solution of the problem can be considered satisfactory that involves encouraging the American's besetting sin of unpunctuality. He misses the chance of addressing those potential hearers who would occupy the pews in front of him if it were permissible for them to come for the sermon and the sermon alone.

In thus pleading for the isolation of the sermon, let me not be misunderstood as in any way disparaging public worship. Far be it from me to cast any slight whatever upon the cultivation and expression of the devotional life by meetings for praise and prayer. Such services would, indeed, acquire a new dignity by being relieved from the risk of being regarded as mere preliminaries to the sermon. As the sermon would gain by the separation, so would the rest of the service. Both would become all the stronger by being compelled to justify their independent and separate existence.

I have no cut-and-dried scheme to offer in substitution for the normal practice. In case, however, that any minister is disposed to try an experiment in this direction, I would suggest that the usual morning service be formally divided into two parts with a ten-minute intermission, so as to enable anyone to choose between them, while not imposing a double journey upon those who wish to attend both. Again there might be in the afternoon a service for worship only, and in the evening the delivery of a sermon, with no preface except an invocation.

This would not really be so much of an innovation as might be supposed. I suspect that the convention of tying worship and sermon together would be found to be a comparatively modern practice. And at any rate it is possible to quote occasional precedents of quite recent date for their separation.

# Ramsay MacDonald—2

Excerpts from Harper's Magazine (April '24)

By a Gentleman with a Duster, Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street"

**M**R. RAMSAY MacDONALD is a good and "practical person" who has been touched by the sacred fire of a woman who lived always in the Presence of God. [See May issue of Reader's Digest.] His own emotions, which are strong and deep, he has always ridden on the curb. His mind is above everything else orderly. He saw quite early in his career that tub-thumping is not the best way to get things done. He has studied Parliamentary procedure with the same intense passion which von Moltke brought to the study of military strategy. His command to his followers has ever been, Organize, organize, organize. He has shown them how they can get things done. Among them are men of greater intellect, but none with an intellect so practical, so Parliamentary. He towers above them all in this single respect to such an extent that he has been able to keep the leadership of his Party even at a time when his behavior during the War, which so many deeply resented, would surely in any other country have fatally imperiled his power. The Reparations Problem is still unsolved, and a "Pro-German," an anti-conscriptionist, is Prime Minister of the British Empire!

But Mr. MacDonald is not merely a clever and a forceful Parliamentarian. I will not say he is a fanatic. Smooth may be his words probably to the end of his life; cold and formal may be his manner to the House of Commons; orthodox and constitutional may be his leadership of the Socialist Government; but in his heart there is war—the holy war which Margaret MacDonald waged all the days of her life against half-truths, errors, degrading cruelties,

and the economics of individualism.

His future will be watched by the whole world, for it is a future which may well touch the life of the whole world. Behind him are many impatient men with disorderly minds and fanatical egoism. In front of him are those of whom Samuel Butler so truthfully said that they are as horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted as at seeing it practiced. He may well fall at the hands of either, or even of both combined. If he succeed in keeping his Party together for any length of time he will be a greater man than I think.

But let the reader be assured that Ramsay MacDonald's statesmanship will be an effort to put the Christian religion into practice. It will be that, and nothing else. No greater mistake can be made than to attack him as a fanatic of "class-hatred" or as a dogmatist of socialist economics. He believes that religion can change the whole face of civilization for the better. He believes that it can be applied to international relations, to domestic politics, and to the commercial activities of the nation. That it has never been applied to these concerns no one can deny. The question at issue is, whether it can be so applied. The Church is on her trial, as well as the political economy of Mammon.

Life is now plainly seen to be a very ugly, a very cruel, a very wasteful, and a very dangerous muddle. The thoughtful behold how dreadful and destructive are the ravages of industrial civilization. These people, in their desire to do away with depravity and degradation, in their desire to find a safer method and a more rational process for the movement of human life, are turning more

and more to the ethics of religion for their inspiration and their warrant.

Socialism, as Ramsay MacDonald conceives it, is Christianity, rid of cant and hypocrisy, rid of selfish individualism, ruthlessly applied to the conditions of human life. This will be the motive of all his legislation, and politicians who oppose him will be well advised never to question his motives. On only one ground can he be usefully criticized, and that is the speed at which he travels. He himself will wish to travel slowly and thoroughly, but the forces behind him may break through his masterful discipline. I know his difficulties; I respect the man greatly; and I wish him well; but I regretfully doubt his ability either to control his own legions or to meet the onslaughts of the tremendous forces arrayed against him.

He is a good man, but not a great man. He has sincerity, earnestness, ability, and forcefulness; but not magic. None of his followers, I think, feel any affection for him, and many actively dislike him. His prosperity hangs by a hair, unless he succeeds in bringing peace to Europe, employment to British factories, and an end to the protracted torture of the housing shortage.

For me the supreme interest of the present situation lies in the struggle for predominance which is going on in secret within the ranks of the Labor Party. Either it will keep its moral character and its spiritual impulse, and so proceed wisely and steadily to give us a far nobler civilization than the world has yet seen, or it will become a brutal and mischievous body of political materialism, and so perish for a generation, to the great loss of the higher life of the human race.

One must hope that the good sense of the British working-classes may prove strong enough to resist that

Russian or Communist influence in the Labor Party which would wreck the hopes of all idealism. I believe it will be well for Great Britain, and well for the rest of the world, if Ramsay MacDonald is given every just and reasonable opportunity to prove his worth and to test the value of Christian ethics.

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Ramsay MacDonald was born in 1866 at a fishing village in the north of Scotland. He was brought up by his mother and grandmother in a two-roomed cottage, to which he still repairs for rest at least once every year. The love which consecrated that frugal home robbed its hard poverty of bitterness. He had far to tramp to the Board School in which he received the elements of education. Henceforward, whatever his occupation, above everything else, he was a student. He worked on a farm for some time; then proceeded to London, aged 19. Here he suffered desperate privations. But it was because of the strength of his moral character, and not because of his personal sufferings, that he became a Socialist. London shocked and pained him. The self-respect which makes Scottish poverty so noble a thing was hard to find among the sordid and depressed victims of London penury; while the vulgarity of shameless ostentation which marked the wealth of London struck a jarring note in a mind conscious above all things of duty and self-restraint. . . . He became acquainted with one or two journalists who were interested in social reform, and out of his scanty earnings set about making a collection of political books. Encouraged by his friends, he began presently to write on political subjects, and later to appear on public platforms. It was not long before he was enlisted as a recruit in the struggling ranks of the Independent Labor Party.

# Fruit of the Earth

Excerpts from *The National Geographic Magazine*

*William Joseph Showalter*

**A**NY one who has traveled through the tropics cannot fail to understand that vast potential food sources still lie untouched. The wonderful discoveries of Ross and Reed, of the methods of preventing malaria and yellow fever, followed by the mastery of the bubonic plague and beriberi, and the application of these lessons in Cuba, at Panama, and elsewhere, have made it possible for civilized man to open up gardens of plenty of which he never dreamed.

Untold millions of acres of densest jungles are unutilized by man, yet they are lands of infinite richness. Not long ago I visited the ruins of Quirigua, in Guatemala. The United Fruit Company had set apart several hundred acres as a reservation for the protection of the ruins. The jungle forest of the reservation, bordering the banana clearings towered like a green wall a hundred feet high, and the undergrowth was so dense that no man could penetrate it save by cutting his way through with a machete.

There I saw the contrast between the past and the future of the tropical world. The banana plantations, stretching for miles and miles up and down the Mataga River valley, were producing millions of bunches of bananas, where but a few years before had existed the same sort of jungle as that at Quirigua.

Not only are there vast millions of acres of potentially rich agricultural lands still awaiting development, and not only is it certain that the production per acre of those lands now under cultivation will be vastly increased, but new products are an inevitable prospect of the future.

When one travels in tropical countries he finds that banana flour makes

an excellent substitute for wheat flour; and there are hundreds of millions of acres of potential banana land which will produce many-fold as much banana flour to the acre as we are able to get today of wheat flour from our wheat lands.

Just as the forecasts of Malthus failed to consider the possibilities of the age of agricultural machinery, the age of commercial fertilizer, and the age of preventive medicine as applied to live stock, the present-day prophets of a hungry world in the not-distant future are failing to reckon with the possibilities of further improvement of agricultural conditions.

Consider, for example, the potato. It has been the honor of America to contribute to the world its greatest crop in point of yield—the white potato. Making its bow to civilization from the land of the Incas, in Peru, the potato has girdled the globe. Today, Europe produces nine out of every ten bushels of potatoes grown in the world.

Figuring to such an extent in the diet of the race, the potato offers a solution of one of the most important problems that the farmers of the earth are facing. There are about one hundred million horses on the farms of the world. To provide these horses with grain and hay and pasturage requires several hundred million acres of the world's best land. Now it so happens that the potato is an admirable material out of which to make alcohol for motive power. Under modern methods of distillation, a few acres of potatoes can be made to yield enough alcohol to drive the farm-tractors of an ordinary farm. A very much smaller acreage and a very much smaller investment of labor would provide the necessary al-



cohol for a tractor-operated farm than would be required to feed the horses the tractors would substitute. Many advanced farmers in various parts of the world use potato-driven motors, and with remarkably successful results. It would be one of the most revolutionary developments of human history if the humble potato should become at once both motive power and food.

Another possibility of increased food production lies in the fact that synthetic chemistry is delving deeper into the mysteries of nature's laboratories in the roots and stalks of the plant world, and is gradually coming to the point where it can take the raw materials that the plant itself takes from the soil, and make foods in factories perhaps as well as nature makes them on the farm.

We are constantly developing new foods. It is only little more than half a century since the tomato was a curiosity of the South, known as the "love apple," and used to scare the slaves, who thought it poisonous. Corn came to us from the Indians, and has become one of the leading cereal crops of the world. It is less than a century ago that the lima bean came to us from South America, and the potato was unknown to civilization before the white man went to Peru and Columbia.

Today representatives of all the leading nations are scouring the remote places of the earth for crops which promise to increase the world's total yield of production. Our own Department of Agriculture has brought 40,000 different kinds of plants into the United States, many of them to be placed on trial as food-producers.

The Mission Fathers of our Southwest who brought the olive and date from the Mediterranean region, gave to California some of the richest olive and date orchards in the world, while

a woman missionary, traveling in Brazil, sent us cuttings from which the great orange-growing industry of our country has been developed.

Crops themselves are being constantly improved and their natural per-acre yield increased. It is a far cry from the little old knotted and gnarled apples of a few centuries ago to the magnificent winesaps, imperials, and pippins of today; and it is also a far cry from the unimproved, small and hard peach of the olden days to the big, luscious Alberta of the present; nor is the change that has come over the potato since Burbank begun his experiments any less noted.

Another consideration involved is the fact that different peoples have different appetites. The Frenchman likes his snails and wonders how any one who accepts oysters can refuse them. In Canton, China, rats sell for 50 cents a dozen, and a dog steak brings more per pound than a leg of mutton. The Chinese mandarin pays \$30 a pound for the birds' nests from which his soup is concocted. In parts of the West Indies the palm worm is stewed in fat, while certain African tribes are as fond of caterpillars as an American is of reed birds on toast. The Turk is as disgusted with the oysters we eat as we are with the fish the Corsican relishes. In some parts of Europe a butter is made of fine clay, while the Persians use some varieties of soil in making their sweetmeats. Around the Arctic Ocean the Laplander milks his reindeer and freezes the milk into blocks to keep until needed. In Asia there are Tatar tribes who live largely on mare's milk while in desert regions of Africa the natives drink the milk of camels and donkeys. In many countries the goat is the poor man's cow, while sheep's milk is widely used in the manufacture of cheese in Europe.

# Again the Yellow Peril

Condensed from *Foreign Affairs* (Quarterly, Dec. 15, '23)

*Raymond Leslie Buell*

**C**ONTRASTED with ten million negroes and 250,000 Indians, there are less than 150,000 Japanese in the United States. But from the international standpoint the problem may become one of considerable magnitude, for the Japanese cannot be called an "inferior" people; and they, alone of the color groups in this country, are represented by a sensitive and powerful government abroad.

President Roosevelt believed he had brought agitation against the Japanese to an end when he negotiated the Gentlemen's Agreement of 1908. President Wilson did penance for it when he allowed Japan to secure Shantung at the Paris Peace Conference and undoubtedly President Harding hoped that the Washington Conference would dissipate all the misunderstandings between the two great powers of the Pacific.

Nevertheless, the anti-Japanese agitation has continued on the Pacific Coast, under the leadership of the Exclusion League and the American Legion. It has cropped out in the Utah, Idaho and Montana legislatures where anti-Japanese legislation has been debated. In Washington, Japanese farmers have been unable to renew their leases of public lands.

Congress has never passed a law expressly barring Japanese from naturalization, as it has done in the case of the Chinese; it has merely limited that privilege to "free white persons" and to negroes. In 1922, the Supreme Court ruled that "free white persons" excluded the Japanese. So the Japanese are now confronted with the unpalatable fact that we consider them unfit to become Americans, although we admit

to the citizenship swarthy settlers from the Near East, Mexicans, and Parsees. Under the 14th Amendment, every child born in this country is an American citizen. A Japanese alien, even if he has lived here 40 years, cannot become a citizen if he wants to. But a Japanese child born here becomes one whether he wishes it or not. Obviously, it is absurd to deny citizenship to Japanese aliens on the ground of race when we force it upon their children.

Discriminations of more practical importance than ineligibility to citizenship have been imposed on the Japanese by many western states. Within the last 10 years, the acreage under Japanese cultivation in California has increased between 300 and 400 per cent. Although the Japanese control only about three per cent of the farm land of the State they practically monopolize the vegetable business. In order to stop the invasion of agriculture, California, Washington and Arizona have passed anti-alien land laws. In 1913 California enacted a law which denied to aliens ineligible to citizenship the right to purchase land for farming purposes. But the law offered little protection to the American farmer, because Japanese could still lease land in unlimited amounts, subject to renewal every three years. In 1920 a measure was passed abolishing the right to lease land. In 1923 another bill prohibited Japanese from making "croppage contracts," under which the Japanese had cultivated land in return for a certain portion of the crop. By means of such contracts the Japanese continued to stay on the farms, despite the laws of 1913 and 1920. It is probable that

the Exclusion League will place a measure on the ballot at the next election prohibiting Japanese from engaging in the fishing business, which they now control.

Except for the time in 1906 when a distinguished Japanese scientist was besieged with tomato cans by a gang of hoodlums in San Francisco, very little violence has been used against the Japanese on the Pacific Coast. A close approach to it occurred in 1921 when 58 Japanese laborers were deported from the melon fields of Turlock because they had under-bid American "fruit tramps." No violence was employed because the Japanese offered no resistance. During the past year isolated attempts have also been made to burn Japanese houses and blackmail Japanese farmers.

Fantastic charges in regard to emperor worship, Japanese "spies" and super-governments in California are widely circulated, and anti-Japanese novels such as Peter Kyne's "Pride of Palomar" are printed serially in the newspapers. Attempts of American denominations to build churches and community centers for Japanese congregations in Los Angeles, Hollywood, and Long Beach have been defeated. A yellow dodger addressed to Japanese was circulated, the last lines of which read:

"You impose more on us each day until you have gone your limit.

"We don't want you with us so, get busy, Japs, and move out of Hollywood."

At Rose Hill signs such as this have been displayed: "Japs: Don't Let the Sun Set on You Here. Keep Moving!"

The California Federation of churches is outlining a program of Christian internationalism in which it hopes to educate the people of the State as to American relations with the Orient. The churches do not believe in opening the gates to Oriental immigration; but they realize that the future relations of the

United States and the Orient will be determined very largely by the attitude of the Pacific Coast.

The mass of the people and the government agencies in the states along the Pacific Coast will have nothing to do with any efforts at Americanization of the Japanese. The avowed purpose of the leaders of the anti-Japanese campaign is to make it so uncomfortable for the Japanese now living here that they will "voluntarily" return to Japan. But it has been found that the Japanese laborers in America are willing to put up with almost any treatment as long as they earn a living here which is inconceivable in the Orient.

If the anti-Japanese land laws are enforced, they will merely transfer the Japanese from the farms to the cities. This rural exodus has already begun. According to the Bureau of Licenses, the number of Japanese entering business in Los Angeles has increased about 25 per cent within the last two years. It is reported that the Japanese have put a million dollars into the oil fields on Signal Hill. Japanese competition in industry is likely to prove more harmful to American labor than if the Japanese remained on the farms.

As a matter of fact, the anti-Japanese legislation has retarded the assimilation of the Japanese. The land laws have literally forced the Japanese to become tramps. The bitter campaigns which accompany the passage of anti-Japanese legislation, in which poor berry hucksters are held responsible for all the sins of the Imperial Government, make the adjustment of the Oriental to American life more difficult than ever.

On several occasions, these campaigns have severely strained the diplomatic relations between Japan and the United States. It is impossible to believe that the two great powers of the Pacific can live together in permanent peace if this problem is not solved.

Back of the whole anti-Japanese

*Reader's Digest Service*

movement in America is the belief that Japanese immigration to this country is increasing. President Roosevelt negotiated the Gentlemen's Agreement, in which the Japanese Government promised to issue passports only to Japanese non-laborers going to the United States and to those laborers who wish to resume a formerly-acquired domicile, to join a parent, wife or child residing here, or to assume control of an already possessed interest in farming enterprises in this country.

The Japanese Government issues passports to wives for the purpose of joining a husband in the United States. And until recently it issued passports to thousands of "picture brides," who were married by proxy in Japan and who never saw their "husbands"—Japanese laborers—until they arrived in America. So great was the protest on the Pacific Coast that the Japanese Government promised not to issue passports to picture brides after February, 1920.

10,675 Japanese entered the United States under the Gentlemen's Agreement in 1921 and 8,981 entered in 1922. If the three per cent immigration quota were applied to the Japanese, only two or three thousand Japanese could enter the United States annually.

The Gentlemen's Agreement is psychologically defective because the sole responsibility for enforcing it lies upon Japan. This is a privilege which we grant to no other nation in the world. As long as this Agreement regulates the entrance of Japanese into this country the people of the Pacific Coast will not be persuaded that Japanese immigration has stopped, and they are likely to vent their dissatisfaction by passing more discriminatory laws.

There is nothing to be said in favor of the immigration of Japanese laborers into the United States. If

unrestricted, it would wipe out American standards of living, and implant an alien and half-breed race on our soil which might make the negro problem look white. But the best means of enforcing the exclusion of Japanese immigration is not through the Gentlemen's Agreement, nor through an exclusion law, but through an exclusion treaty. There are always two parties to a treaty; its terms are arrived at by mutual discussion and understanding, and by concessions.

Such a treaty would go far in allaying anti-Japanism on the Pacific Coast. The Japanese Government has already agreed to the necessity of exclusion by entering into the Gentlemen's Agreement. But it is improbable that it will ever consent to a treaty of this character unless the discriminatory legislation now imposed on Japanese in the United States is repealed. The present Japanese population is here at our invitation and under our laws. It is therefore entitled to the same treatment we accord other immigrants. It is probable that the Pacific Coast would voluntarily give up most of its discriminatory legislation if it were convinced that exclusion was really being enforced. The agitation against the Chinese in California died out following the passage of the Chinese exclusion laws. Such a treaty should make Japanese residents eligible to citizenship, provided, of course, that they passed the usual tests. They are just as qualified to become citizens as dozens of other groups whom we admit. Their children born here are already citizens. No possible danger could come from giving the vote to a few additional thousand Japanese—provided future immigration is stopped. A treaty embodying these provisions would satisfy our demand for exclusion and Japan's demand for racial equality.

(Continued from Page 136)  
office, Mr. Forbes. His sense of political obligation to the Old Guard led him to appoint Mr. Fall.

Recall the circumstances of Mr. Harding's nomination at Chicago. Months before that event, two men of international reputation had offered themselves as candidates—Leonard Wood, with a brilliant record as the administrator of the Government of Cuba and of the Philippines; and Herbert Hoover, who as head of the Supreme Economic Council had ruled continental Europe during the months between the Armistice and the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. And yet an obscure Ohio politician named Harry M. Daugherty, also months before the convention, served upon the American public, in the form of a newspaper interview, as cynical a notice of contemptuous disregard of all but the "practical" politics of the situation as could well be imagined. He was widely quoted as saying: "The convention will be deadlocked, and we will prevent the nomination of all candidates but ours. Then, on the last night of the convention, at about two o'clock in the morning, when the delegates are worn out and anxious to get it over with and get back home, a dozen men will gather in a hotel in Chicago and agree on a compromise candidate. That candidate will be Warren G. Harding."

Seldom has so detailed a prophecy come so literally true. . . . Meantime, what of the Democrats? That party, too, had its men of eminence. But it, too, turned to "practical" political considerations, and nominated an obscure Ohio politician, James M. Cox. . . . The dilemma of the American voter at this point can be illustrated by the announcement of the influential "Fresno Republican" that it would support for President

of the United States Dr. Sun-Yat-Sen, of Canton, China. . . . Millions of Americans felt this same kind of chagrin. . . .

President Harding was not corrupt. But he was easy-going. He had friends that a President ought promptly to have discarded. This present, worst scandal in our national history enforces the lesson that no man must be allowed to aspire to the Presidency who has not earned a nation-wide reputation for public service and who is not known to be capable of that "ingratitude" which is the highest patriotism because it places the security of official trust above the demands of any kind of friendship whatsoever. And negative personal virtue is not enough. The President, whether he wills it or not, is the leader of the nation. He sets the moral tone of the entire Government. Theodore Roosevelt in the White House electrified the conscience of the country, set a high standard that raised the moral quality of the acts of every government employe, and made it easier even for the mayor and the chief of police of the obscurest hamlet in America to be good officers of local government than it had been before.

Tragically it has been demonstrated again that the Presidency may not safely be sought as the grand prize of the lottery of politics: Cabinet rank may not safely be sought by fools or mere politicians. Cleveland and Roosevelt and Wilson restored to the Presidency much of the intellectual power and moral vigor that distinguished it under Washington and Lincoln. The history of the United States is crowded with evidence that nothing short of this is safe—safe either for the country or for the peace of mind of the man who aspires to the supreme office of the State.



# The City Complete

Excerpts from The Saturday Evening Post (April 5, '24)

*Felix Isman*

**N**EARLY every city is a patchwork founded upon an accidental beginning. The city complete has never existed. But there are enough facts about cities now in existence to form the basis for a few generalizations. We know that the best laid out city on earth either of ancient or of modern times is the city of Washington, the plan for which was made in 1791 by Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer, who served in the Revolutionary War, and approved by George Washington. We know that the city of Washington began as a mere village and that it has grown to one of the foremost cities of the world without altering the truth of the statement that it is the best laid out city on earth. The streets vary in width from 80 to 160 feet, and are, on the whole the widest streets of any city of all time. They are adorned with more than 85,000 shade trees, so that a bird's-eye view of the national capital gives the impression of a beautiful park with the roofs of buildings showing indistinctly amid a wealth of verdure. The height of buildings in both the residence and the business districts is restricted. The result has been a healthy tendency to spread out rather than to grow perpendicularly, as New York has done with such uncomfortable results for those who must spend their working days in its dark, damp, wind-swept canyons. What more could be said in praise of the original city plan of Washington than that after a century of use, with all the changes that century has brought in our mode of life, Washington's scheme of streets and avenues is good enough to justify heavy expenditures

for preservation and to carry it out into outlying districts.

Washington's wide streets and sensible building regulations prevent any part of the city from choking itself to death with congestion. Moreover, those wide streets and numerous little squares and circles which are such an attractive adornment are also valuable checks to the spread of fire and are contributors to health in the form of fresh air.

Back of the plan of Washington was something entirely new in cities—the purpose to make it beautiful and comfortable for the population. Strange as it may sound in this day of wonder cities, that idea was revolutionary. All sorts of remarkable cities have been built, but never before had a thought of the people who were to live in the city played such a prominent part.

An interesting contrast is furnished by St. Petersburg, or Petrograd. It was another made-to-order city, but Peter the Great was not bothered by thoughts about the future population. His primary purpose seems to have been to give the world evidence that Russia must be reckoned with in the future as a power in the Baltic Sea. He ordered the city constructed and then ordered it populated. Thousands of peasants were moved into the city at government expense. Since there was no particular enthusiasm for construction of the city he ordered masonry work suspended throughout the empire until St. Petersburg was completed. All landowners having 500 or more serfs were required to build winter homes in St. Petersburg—and occupy them during the winter season. The climate is regarded even by the Russians as very unpleasant. Some years after the city was founded the popu-

lation began to decline, but much imperial boosting in the form of great buildings pulled the city through its various crises.

Though there are many points common to all the great cities of this day, the American metropolis has certain characteristics which are strictly national. It leads all others in public utilities, but it also has the skyscraper. Probably many of our people think the other countries would like to have skyscrapers, but don't know how to build them, or haven't the money or the uses that would make them profitable. That isn't true, however. They do not want skyscrapers. And buildings of this type were made impossible in England by what is termed the doctrine of ancient light which was finally, many years ago, written into the law in an Act of Parliament. The doctrine was established that 20 years of enjoyment of light and air constituted a legal claim to them. The skyscraper necessarily cuts off light and air from surrounding buildings.

Very tall buildings are the principal cause of our civic-congestion problem. The skyscraper is fundamentally an imposition upon the public welfare. It is profitable to the owner at the expense of public thoroughfares. These buildings have gone on multiplying, until scores of miles of American streets are choked with traffic and even the most efficient rapid transit systems can no longer carry away quickly the hordes of men and women who must congregate in those buildings daily. We laugh at the thought of ancient streets only 8, 10, 12 or 15 feet wide and sloping toward an open sewer in the middle, but they are not one iota more ridiculous than a street 20 to 30 feet wide with buildings rising 20 to 40 stories on both sides. Since those streets cannot now be widened, about the most practicable plan is to furnish additional paths to and from them underground. It will doubtless soon be necessary for owners of establishments in front of

which automobiles are parked to provide space for that purpose in the basement. The public can no longer spare the space which these standing automobiles occupy. Every foot of ground is needed for moving traffic.

Eliminate the skyscraper, elbow-room your structures, spread out your meeting and bartering places, and you will see how quickly your congestion will disappear.

We ought not to continue indefinitely along the planless way of letting cow trails grow into highways and then wondering what we are going to do to take care of the traffic. Not only with reference to width of streets but to the dimensions of a block there are known facts. The city ought to determine in advance what sort of streets and blocks will be best suited to the requirements. And its reservations of space for parks, little squares and circles, and possible public buildings, could just as well be made in advance.

The ordinary course of development in an American city is that ground for a school building is purchased after it is urgently needed and the price is high. If a reservation had been made well in advance the cost would be much less. But this is never done, and the cost of school buildings adds heavily to the tax and bond burdens of the citizens.

Our cities, large and small, grow, Topsy fashion, without a plan, without forethought on the subject of known factors. Just let some economic development spur on the growth of any Thriving Center from 5,000 to 50,000 within 12 or 15 years, and the same thing on a smaller scale will happen that has made our great cities congested jungles, lacking comfort, harmony and beauty. The time has come to plan the city complete. Just one notable experiment has been made—the city of Washington—and if that doesn't inspire us to try again then I misjudge the temper and genius of our people.

# Portable Wisdom

Condensed from The Century Magazine

Willard L. Sperry

SCIENTIFIC and cultural knowledge, or "baggage of the world," as St. Augustine has it, is piling up at a dizzy pace. In one of the greatest American libraries is a beautiful, hand-copied, and illuminated manuscript of a work by Isidore of Seville, presenting in compendious form "the sum of the knowledge of the age." During the 17th century this one book was the stable article of mental pabulum for the scholars of all Europe. With that one book in hand and mind, one might pass as an erudite person. Happy students and scholars in an early world! The library where this manuscript is now displayed contains 2,187,900 volumes.

There came a time when it took two men to know what was known, then four and eight and sixteen men. Since then the number of men required to know what is known has increased at a pitiless geometrical progression, until no one can say how many men are needed today to know what our world knows. The tragic aspect of all exact modern knowledge is just this process of fission. We hold to the theory that education should unite men; but the very process that compels the scholar of today to become a specialist makes against any large and genial human community of mind. The blackest, loneliest hours of my life were spent for one bleak week in a university commons at a dining-table assigned to graduate students. Here were men from many colleges, bachelors and masters of the arts on their way to higher academic altitudes. One could not have imagined a potentially more social and sociable spot than such a dinner-table; but the ironic fact was that these men bolted

their meals in silence and fled to their cells at once.

Now, these men were perfectly normal modern specialists in the making. The experience remains in memory as a sobering insight into the ultimate problems of modern education. One human mind can pack and carry only a pitiful fraction of what is known or ought to be known. So that the process is a solitary, unsocial business.

Getting an education at the present time, therefore, would seem to be a ruthless process of elimination. What a man is to know will depend upon what he decides he cannot afford to know. The wisest man is the man who has best solved the problem of his safe margins of ignorance, and has concentrated upon a modicum of portable wisdom.

But there are, heaven be praised, certain rebels appearing in our educational world. They are convinced that the conception of a college as a place where each oncoming generation is to be equipped with a manageable minimum of selected information is not tenable. They aim not to supply knowledge, but to stimulate thought.

Knowledge, in the sense of remembered information, is a very dubious equivalent for a real education. No memory is without its final limits, and all memories are fallible. If an education is simply a matter of remembering those facts which the pedants are agreed ought to be remembered, then the chalice of learning passes into the hands of the authors of these modern mnemonic systems. They are our academic high priests. Isidore of Neville, and all for which he stands, represents a blind alley down which the human

mind blunders to frustration and confusion. It is an interesting relic of an almost prehistoric period of human learning. It has absolutely nothing in common with the genius of our best modern education.

Obviously, for the purposes of every day life it is a good deal simpler to know where the information is to be had if it is needed, and to be able to get it and use it at first hand when occasion demands, than to stagger constantly and ponderously about with it in mind. The first half of an education is learning where to find the mind's daily bread. . . .

The second half of an education consists in learning how to think for oneself. The whole gospel of a liberal education might be put in the homely phrase, "Every man his own thinker," and once a man has learned that secret, he has in his hand the power which is traditionally associated with knowledge.

Education is becoming more and more a matter of how a man thinks and less and less a matter of what he thinks. What he will have to think before he is done with life no one can safely prophecy. All we can say is, he certainly will have to think a great many thoughts which the shrewdest prognostication cannot forecast. There is, in short, no present available canon of criticism and selection that will determine beyond all doubt what a man can afford to know and what he must be content to leave unknown.

The hope of the world rests with men who can do at first hand creative thinking. Fortunately, we know enough about human life at the present moment to say how the mind of an educated man works, and what its characteristics are. Such a mind must, before all else, observe accurately; then it must proceed logically. After that it must achieve a power of discrimination. To accurate observation, logical reasoning, discriminating judgment, it must then add imagination. These are the essential characteristics of a first-hand mind, educated to think freely for itself.

It does not matter very much by what disciplines a man masters these methods of thinking. One course in college may be as good as another. Some courses may be better than others for a particular purpose, but all together should be intended to develop an exact and creative habit of mind. What tends toward education in a zoological laboratory is not information as to infusoria, but the ability to observe life correctly. What matters in a course in English literature is not a memorized anthology, but the winning of the ability to understand at once why Francis Thompson is a better poet than Coventry Patmore. What matters in the study of American history is not the dates and battles of the Civil War, but the ability to discriminate between the characters of William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown on the one hand and the characters of Douglas and Webster on the other hand. And what it all means in the end is the ability to tackle a problem in business or the professions or public life at first hand, when the occasion arises, and to deal with it as a really educated man.

An English novelist once said: "Religion is not something without any connection with a man's life. It is the answer to the problems that life puts to him, not to some one else." So also an education is not something without any connection with the problems that life in this world breeds. It is a man's power to answer, with his own critical and creative thought, the problems which his own experience and his time put to him. Second-hand answers never solve first hand riddles. It is not, therefore, what other men have thought that helps, but rather the true method and wit of all thinking. Then an unfriendly world which measures and menaces our meager stock of information gives place to a friendly world which challenges and invites our resourceful thinking. What modern education seeks is not portable wisdom, but mobile brains.

# The Six Greatest Engineering Feats

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

Ralph Modjeski

THE last half century has seen engineering keep pace in many parts of the world with the progress made in other branches of science. Bridges, canals, power and irrigation projects, roads, docks, water-works, tunnels, cuts and other features of railway construction, subways and skyscrapers have followed one another with bewildering rapidity, each new work surpassing in magnitude, cost, and daring those that preceded it.

That is why neither size, cost, difficulties surmounted, nor even benefits accruing to man, supply an infallible measure of the "greatness" of engineering projects. One must take into consideration also the time at which the undertaking was prosecuted. For in engineering, things that were "impossible" 50 years ago, or even 20 years ago, are accomplished as a matter of fact today by means of improved machinery and increased skill and knowledge.

And so, if I am to select the six engineering works that, in my opinion, are the greatest that have been accomplished in modern times, I must include those that were highly remarkable at the time they were completed even though they have been subsequently surpassed.

Few events that I can recall aroused such tremendous enthusiasm as the opening of the Suez Canal on November 25, 1869, and the passage through the canal on the following day of 56 vessels, headed by the French Imperial yacht carrying the Empress Eugenie. There was scant wonder that the completion of the canal captured the imagination of the world. It was undoubtedly the most stupendous engineering achievement the people of that time had

known, and it had been carried to success in the face of harrowing difficulties—natural, financial, and those reared by adverse public opinion.

It was a project as old as history, for archeologists say that Seti, father of Rameses the Great, in the 14th century B. C., began a canal and pushed its construction 60 miles before relinquishing his plan. Almost every ruler of Egypt from that time to the days of Napoleon Bonaparte had considered the possibility of digging a canal through the Isthmus of Suez. It remained for de Lesseps, a young Frenchman, to obtain the necessary concessions and to raise funds to undertake construction.

The Suez Canal extends from Port Said to Suez. It is 100 miles long; yet by connecting the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, it brings the Orient 10,000 miles closer to the Orient—a great commercial advantage. As originally constructed, the canal's depth averaged about 25 feet. It was about 75 feet wide at the bottom, and its breadth at the waterline ranged from about 160 feet to 300 feet. Today the channel, in every dimension save the length, is virtually twice as large as when first constructed. . . . The builders of the Suez Canal were pathfinders. They contributed a great achievement to engineering history, and marked a new era in the world's progress.

The Panama Canal undoubtedly is the most tremendous engineering achievement of all time. In fact, it is one of the new wonders of the world. But it was completed almost a half century after the Suez Canal was built, when the science of engineering had made such strides that the problems of its builders were



enormously simplified by comparison. It will be remembered that de Lesseps, builder of the Suez Canal, attempted to construct a Panama Canal following his first triumph and spent \$300,000, only to score the most colossal failure in the history of engineering.

Thirteen years after the completion of the Suez Canal there was begun in Scotland the greatest project in bridge construction that man ever had attempted. As Sir Benjamin Baker said, it compared in size with the largest bridge previously built in Great Britain as a Grenadier Guardsman compared with a new born child. The bridge is more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. Foundations for the viaduct had to be sunk in water almost 200 feet deep. Its spans were the longest built anywhere in the world until the Quebec Bridge was constructed, almost 30 years later. The bridge has a clearance of 157 feet above high water and its central tower rises 150 feet higher. At the time the bridge was built it marked an epochal advance in engineering.

The Quebec Bridge across the St. Lawrence River, completed in 1917, is the greatest bridge of recent times. Its center span of 1,800 feet is the longest ever built. It is the heaviest, too, for owing to the increase in size and weight of locomotives and railway cars, it was necessary to build the Quebec Bridge strong enough to withstand a stress  $2\frac{1}{4}$  times greater than that which can be borne by the Forth Bridge.

The Assuan Dam, completed in 1902, remains the largest project of its kind. It irrigates the Valley of the Nile in Egypt for its entire length of 700 miles. The Nile is exceeded in length only by the Mississippi. An attempt to impound the water of so large a river never before had been made. In magnitude, construction, and utility, this huge reservoir takes rank with the great public works of all time: It is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles long, 82 feet thick at its deepest parts, and

157 feet high—all granite masonry set in mortar. There are 180 sluice openings, to control the intake and outlet. When water is released, it always issues from the dam at the bottom, carrying with it the enriching silt, which the valley requires for fertilizing.

I must mention also the Roosevelt Dam, completed in 1911, in Salt River Valley, near Phoenix, Ariz. This dam is located at the mouth of a canyon, 67 miles from the nearest railway. The materials of construction were produced almost entirely in the vicinity. Rock was blasted from 40 miles of surrounding terrain. Lumber camps and sawmills were established. Electric plants were installed. Two farms were operated to feed the workers. Even a cement mill was erected. The dam is a conspicuous achievement. It has made a vast area of waste land available for farming. It is a mighty link in the great chain of water-storage developments that are bound to exert a profound influence on the future history of this country. . . .

To say that these six greatest engineering works of modern times will be surpassed in the future is stating an obvious fact. It is more than probable that eventually a sea-level canal across the isthmus of Panama will be necessary. Another gigantic undertaking that may be expected is the construction of a tunnel or bridge across the Straits of Dover between England and France, a distance of 31 miles. It is almost certain that some day bridges will be built across the Hudson at New York City and across Golden Gate at San Francisco. A bridge at either city would of necessity be the greatest in the world. Engineers even now are giving serious consideration to harnessing the tides. Extracting the heat from the center of the earth, storing up and utilizing the energy of the sun, transmitting electric power through great distances without wires—these are only a few of the accomplishments toward which science is working.

# The War Against Ugliness

Excerpts from *The Outlook* and *The International Interpreter*

**I**T really happens, sometimes, that news is too good to be true. And this is such a case. When one can travel, let us say, from New York to Philadelphia, and see clearly that at times one is actually passing through woods or through meadows, when one can occasionally see some real cows grazing in a real pasture instead of gigantic painted wooden bovines eternally being milked by enormous painted wooden milkmaids, when you can see homely red barns as you pass instead of structures seemingly planned to carry notices concerning Timkin's Tinted Tablets or some other medicine—when, let us say, the landscape once more appears, then we shall really believe that the signboard curse is on its way to oblivion.

Mrs. W. L. Lawton, Chairman of the National Committee for Restriction of Outdoor Advertising, has announced that 15 large users of highway billboards have promised to remove all objectionable signs and those marring the scenic effect of the countryside. Herbert L. Pratt, President of the Standard Oil Company of New York, confirms Mrs. Lawton's announcement as far as his company goes. He has stated that when all of the present billboard contracts expire, his company will have concentrated all of its signs to the vicinity of garages and stations.

Other concerns which have agreed to carry out the same plan as that proposed by the Standard Oil Company of New York are: Kirkman & Son, soap; Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Washburn-Crosby Company, Standard Oil Company of California, B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Sun

Oil Company, Hood Rubber Company, Ajax Rubber Company, Ward Baking Company, Dodge Brothers, Gulf Refining Company, the Fleischmann Company, yeast.

The movement continues to gain ground, and the women who are now pushing the effort are daily increasing the number of allies among large advertisers and have also enlisted the enthusiastic aid of other associations. Thus the example set some time ago by the Women's Civic Club of Glens Falls, New York, in making the famous Lake George Highway attractive and beautiful by the simple process of banishing ugly commercial appeals has been widely followed and interest has been aroused the country over.

Steady progress has been made in England in abolishing countryside advertising. Quite recently two of the largest oil companies in England, namely, the Shell-Mex and the Anglo-American, have intimated their intention of taking down all their billboards, which, in the case of the Shell Company will number something over 6,000. There are indications that other companies will follow suit.

Aroused by the increase in billboards which spoiled vistas of mountain and turquoise sea, the women of Honolulu notified the merchants of the Hawaiian Islands that they would purchase no goods so advertised on the island of Oahu. Today there is not a single advertising billboard on the island.

As the Saturday Evening Post recently stated, "The women's clubs of this country could, if they chose, abolish the billboard evil, or 80 per cent of it in two years."

# The Wonder-Working Bee

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly (May '24)

George H. Dacy

**A**T Washington, D. C., the United States Government has established a bee-farm where, during every hour of the day and night, the activities of 3,750,000 of the finest Italian bees are watched and studied by a staff of experts. No movement of the insects is left unobserved. By means of ingenious and extremely delicate apparatus the honey-gatherers are checked and tabulated as accurately as though the observer were living in the hive.

One strange fact brought out is that the bees are infallible weather prophets. The approach of a storm will send the most avaricious honey-gatherer winging for home in a bullet-like flight, to remain in the warmth and dryness of the hive until the bad weather has passed. Even though the coming tempest may not be noted by human senses, the bees, through some mysterious foreknowledge, are warned in ample time to take shelter. The work of the bees in the hive is observed by the introduction of magnifying lenses in the sides of the structure. Electric lights are provided within the hive; the bees do not, apparently, object to this illumination. . . . Bees have always been known as wonder-working engineers. Their choice of the hexagonal cell and their construction of it is one of the mysteries of nature. The hexagonal cell with a base of three equal and similar parallelograms is the most economical cell that can be constructed with a given amount of material. What led the bees to choose it rather than the cylindrical shape, or the cube? It would seem that the bees are by instinct as clever mathematicians as the most learned of men. And they

build their combs in black darkness, a feat that the most skilled artisans among men might try vainly to match.

No industrial or commercial enterprise ever launched by man has approached the efficiency of the busy hive. Though bees live only about seven months, their short lives are crowded with effort and achievement. Each bee has its own place in life, and its work is appointed at birth. Moreover, whether it be honey-gatherer, sentinel, or comb-builder, the bee never attempts to change its occupation, nor to try to rise beyond its station. Greed, discontent, envy, and over-ambition are unknown in the hive.

No "bee-line" that man might lay out could be more direct than the path traversed by the bee between the flower and the hive. The direct flight of the bird is understandable, since it readily picks up landmarks. The bee, though, cannot see for more than a few feet. Once it was believed that the bee guided itself by scent, but this theory has been disproved. Scientists believe that its extraordinary acute sense of direction is due to its possession of an instinct unlike any possessed by man.

Bees are sticklers for sanitation. Sometimes mice and other small animals get into the hives. The sentinel bees immediately set on them and sting them to death. Obviously the carcasses of these intruders are too large for the bees to remove. In such cases a sanitary corps, which performs a similar service when any member of the hive colony dies, builds a tomb of wax about the body, sealing it as tightly as ever the tomb of Pharaoh, was closed.

# Bandit Colonies

Condensed from *The Survey* (Graphic Number, May 1, '24)

*Roberto Haberman*

**M**EXICO is a romantic country. One of the reasons why Mexico has always had bandits is because it is so easy to be a bandit there. It is a comparatively safe way of making a living. It is one of Mexico's tragedies—this ease with which one can take to the hills and carry on almost alone against great odds. And in Mexico to be a bandit is not entirely a matter of disrepute. The line between the bandit and the revolutionist has been so hard to draw, the revolutionists have been so many and the bandits so few, and the things they did seemed so much alike to the outsider that it was very easy to confuse the two and describe the revolutionist as a bandit—and let it go at that.

And so, in reality, Mexico has been called the country of bandits when it has been the country of revolutionists. The difference is fundamental, because you can pacify revolutionists.

The discovery that the Mexican bandits are really revolutionists was made by Obregon. He proved that most of the people we have believed bandits were genuine, if crude, dreamers of a social Utopia achievable by violence, and discovered that their simple demands were—land, water, schools.

There were 50,000 of these so-called bandits when Obregon came into power. They were a powerful lot—powerful because they were un-suppressable. It was not so much that you couldn't beat them in battle, but you couldn't catch them. They always knew the country better than you did. They were also and always more or less "in" with the natives in their localities, and it was hard to tell the difference between a

bandit and a peon. A bandit had only to hide his gun and wrap himself in a sarape to look like any peon in the neighborhood. And they were a fearless and cunning lot to boot.

During the worst days of the Zapatista rebellion when Carranza was spending millions of dollars and using thousands of men to destroy the Zapatistas, they used to come into Mexico City as peons to sell their little trinkets and purchase ammunition to carry back, while their women made the federal soldiers drunk and stole their guns.

During the worst days of the revolution with a price of 50,000 pesos on his head, Zapata captured a foreigner and held him for ransom. A consul who had known Zapata got permission to visit him. Zapata demanded 10,000 pesos for the release of his prisoner. Zapata was not a bandit; he was a revolutionist. But he needed money, and he had no powers of taxation. The consul said he would get the money, and Zapata knew he could be trusted. In a few days someone knocked at the consul's door, and in walked Zapata himself dressed as a peon—a price of 50,000 pesos on his head. He exchanged some stories with his host, collected his ransom, and disappeared into the night from which he had come.

Now there were 50,000 like him in Mexico. They were not all great men as Zapata was, for Zapata was the great agrarian leader of the Mexican revolution. His life reads like a romance. A peon who learned to read after he became a general; who controlled the destinies of five states; who armed soldiers by taking the guns away from his enemies—for he had no arms when he started; who for 11 years made excursions

two miles outside of Mexico City unsafe; who built schools and distributed lands; who awakened so great a love among his people that the day of his death has become a national holiday in the district he controlled. Zapata was one of the bandits—that is, he was one of the great revolutionists, the great prophets of Mexico. So much depends on the point of view.

These bandits, or rather revolutionists, were a real problem. They had helped to destroy all the governments since the days of Diaz. And Mexico had no peace. There was blood and strife and savagery and bayonets all over the land.

Yet Obregon had peace within five months after he came into power. The roads were safe for the traveler; railroads that had not run in ten years puffed over the mountains again, and the bandits disappeared as if some magic wand had put them all to sleep. The story is so simple that it seems undramatic. Obregon announced that the revolution was over. That was all. But he made good in the announcement. He asked General Cedilla what he wanted. Cedilla said, "I want land. I want ammunition so that I can protect my land after I get it in case somebody tries to take it away from me. And I want plows, and I want schools for my children, and I want teachers, and I want books and pencils and roads. And I want moving pictures for my people, too. That's all."

Well, the revolution was over. They shipped him agricultural implements. And his people were settled in ten different colonies, all connected by roads and telephone lines; schools were built, and Cedilla, who had kept the railroad between San Luis Potosi and Tampico interrupted for six years, who was never conquered and who was a terror to all that neighborhood, became a farmer and rode an American tractor. Cedilla had lots of ammunition to protect his lands; and when the military rebellion broke out last fall, he was the first to offer his services to the

Obregon government. Cedilla loves peace and hates banditry!

When Obregon came into power he had 130,000 federal soldiers, and until it was possible to place all the bandits on the land, they were taken into the army. He accepted them at their own rating. He said, "If you say you are a general, you must be one." Most of them were officers, too. Simply enough, whenever a peon rose on rebellion in his own district he named himself general, and his friends became colonels, and the colonel's friends became captains, and the captain's friends became lieutenants. If you are going to be a revolutionist, there must be some glamor and dignity to it, and anyway it was one way of feeling authoritative.

As soon as conditions permitted, various parts of the army were put to work. The original federal army was put to building roads, and some of the best and practically the only roads in Mexico are those built in the last three years by the army. The bandits, so-called, were put to work building colonies, clearing the soil, organizing settlements, and as soon as conditions permitted, various groups were settled in colonies, given lands, supplied with agricultural machinery. Schools were built, roads constructed. They were paid in advance so that they would be able to harvest the first crop, and for all practical purposes the bandit problem disappeared.

Pancho Villa became a great farmer and raised 40,000 bushels of wheat. The gradual disbanding of the army and their settlement in military colonies was to have continued until the regular strength of the army should be no more than 50,000. Mexico was trying to disarm. The De la Huerta rebellion interrupted this process. The bandits of yesterday became the most loyal defenders of the government. Once the country is at peace again, the beating of sabers into plowshares will go forward.



# Poison Gas

Excerpts from The Saturday Evening Post (May 10, '24)

George Oliver Gillingham

**T**HERE is a popular but erroneous idea that the ban on noxious gases adopted at the Washington Conference is now in effect. Now, more than two years after the pact was signed, people read newspaper reports of the establishment of a chemical warfare service in the Italian Army; the erection of a poison gas plant in Spain; the use of gas shells on the Moroccan front, and by both factions in the Mexican revolution; the employment of gas bombs in the struggle in China; the training of a gas section of the Russian Soviet Army; development by the Germans of a new gas that will penetrate all masks; the improvement of masks and chemical warfare apparatus by the United States Army; experiments with a gas-spraying airplane by our aviation service; and so on.

As far as the treaty banning "the breath of death" is concerned, though it was formally signed by delegates representing the five countries participating in the conference, only four of these nations have since ratified the pact. Consequently, its provisions are not now in force and, judging from present indications, are not likely to be. Persistent refusal by France to indorse the action of its emissaries at that session dooms this particular pact to the scrap heap. Here is an instance where a minority can render null and void the purpose of a majority.

The situation is further complicated by the action of the League of Nations in indorsing the use of gas and chemicals as permissible weapons in war. The League appointed a special committee to inquire into the subject. It reported last November that this form of war-

fare is humane. . . . At any rate, investigations, research, training and other preparations to use poisonous gases on a large scale in a future war go merrily on. The military, both here and abroad, generally regard any proposal to ban chemical warfare agents as impractical—while such a prohibition might exist on paper it could not in actual practice. Brig. Gen. Amos A. Fries, chief of our Chemical Warfare Service, says, "Chemical warfare is too powerful, too humane and too easy to conceal during research and preparation for any enlightened people to consider giving it up."

Gen. John J. Pershing, on the other hand, gave to the Washington conference his opinion that gas is inhumane, because, while military forces can protect themselves against it, non-combatants cannot. Gas is impossible to control, he reported, and therefore endangers innocent women and children. But General Debeney, the new chief of staff of the French Army, visualizes the next war as being fought chiefly with chemicals and electricity. He insists that there is no way to avoid this, and frankly admits that France is doing her part in preparing for the event. A memorandum issued by the British War Office states: "So long as there is any danger of other nations continuing these methods of warfare, research and experiments in chemical warfare must be pursued. Gen. Sir Louis Jackson is confident that "chemical productions will have a great effect in future wars despite any pact to rule them out."

On the other hand, such statements only augment a popular cry for scientific disarmament. Unless scientific development along this line

is curtailed, Sir Richard Gregory, British savant, thinks the day will come when armies and cities will be annihilated in short order. Sir Oliver Lodge sees vast unharnessed powers which man will some day employ in wholesale killing unless some means are found to thwart him.

The only argument against gas, says General Fries, is the argument against war. He thinks it absurd to applaud a bayonet charge or terrific destruction by high explosives and exclaim against gas. "No agreement among nations can ban gas," he says. "If this were not true, then wars would be no more, since every war is due to a broken agreement. Researches into poisonous gases cannot be suppressed, because they can be carried out in out-of-the-way places where complete plans may be worked out to change existing industrial chemical plants into full-capacity poisonous-gas plants on a fortnight's notice, and who will be the wiser? One would practically have to know what is contained in every test tube in the world to know that no one was experimenting with gas. Therefore no nation can safely give up this, no matter how many other nations care to do so."

The fact remains that the Army's Chemical Warfare Service, and its \$35,000,000 plant at Edgewood, Maryland, are still functioning. There officers and enlisted men are instructed in the latest methods of dealing death in a scientific manner. The arsenal chemists are experimenting with and developing gas and other warfare agents about which the public knows but little.

Similar establishments are being operated under far more effective concealment in foreign countries. Each nation is afraid of being caught unprepared, and for that reason the race is on to perfect a weapon that will give its possessor an advantage over the others.

Comparatively few people are aware that at The Hague Conference in 1899 the United States refused to be a party to an agreement not to use noxious gases in war. The late

Admiral Mahan, representing this country, stated that the attitude of his Government was that gas is no more inhumane than other forms of warfare. This contention was supported by the German delegate, and so, with the exception of the United States and Germany, the assembled nations pledged themselves not to use poisonous gases in war. A year later, however, Germany, too, signed the pact, but broke it 15 years later "through necessity."

After her repulse on the Western Front in 1914, Germany found the road to Calais blocked by the French and British. Because of the emergency the imperial staff finally consented to the use of gas. On April 22, 1915, a chlorine attack was launched against British and Canadian troops before Ypres. The effect was more startling than the Germans themselves had hoped for or expected. There were 8,000 casualties from the fumes, though the Germans were not aware of it. Every Allied gun was rendered inactive in that particular part of the front. The road to Calais, Dunkirk and Boulogne was open—but the Germans did not know it, and so did not press their advantage. That lost them the war, in the opinion of many military experts. In the first place Germany tried out the gas half-heartedly. She erred vitally in using gas on a comparatively small scale. Had she waited until she had sufficient chlorine to gas the Allies upon every suitable front she might have won the war in one huge gas attack, admit those who profess to know. Twice the Germans failed to follow up gas attacks which thoroughly disorganized opposing troops.

History proves that no weapon once shown successful in war has ever been abandoned. We have learned by experience that nations with their backs to the wall, fighting against extermination, cannot be entirely controlled by international rules. Only when international peace becomes a reality will nations be able to control the misuse of scientific discoveries.

# The Chappell Art Sale

Condensed from *Vanity Fair* (May '24)

George S. Chappell

**M**ANY persons, I believe, find themselves in a position similar to that occupied by myself prior to the Sale of the Chappell Collection of Art Objects, namely surrounded by various impediments of domesticity, the accretion of a lifetime. Shall I be entirely frank and say that I was stocked up with junk that I longed to get rid of? No, out of deference to the purchasers of my collection I will not go as far as that. I will simply tell the story and let my readers draw their own conclusions.

It was on a Sunday in late winter that I wandered about my modest country house and took stock of various items of its furnishing that I would gladly see no more. My wife joined in the condemnation proceedings with hearty good will. "We will sell the lot to Itzmann, who keeps the shop near the station," she said.

We tackled the furniture first, while I computed the sums I should receive and issued warnings as to being firm with the wily dealer. The process lightened my heart. How gladly I would eliminate that morris-chair with its cushion squashed down in the centre and bulging at the edges! A tea-table, an umbrella-stand, a hat-tree with branching metal arms, a Victorian sofa, chairs with broken seats and pictures, the original excuse for which had been that they covered spots on the wall-paper, were added to the list. But it was the attic which added the greatest store of loot—small objects, old clothes, goloshes, banished books, dolls' furniture, a framed motto. Warming to our work, we resolved on a clean sweep.

On my return home the next day, I

was met by astounding news. "Itzmann actually sneered at the things," said my wife, "after all our work." I was furious. "We'll give them away," I said. But would you believe it? Tony, who comes to shake the furnace, absolutely refused to have our gifts showered upon him. In a last desperate effort, I made advances to the ash-man. I can see his expression now as he said, "Say, whadder yer think I am, a moving-van?" Our belongings could not be sold, bestowed or even thrown away. And then, like a ray of a search light, came my big idea. We would have an art sale. I felt sure that, given the right setting and plenty of publicity, anything could be sold. Immediately all my objects graduated from the junk class and became certified Antiques. . . .

Here and now I wish to make a grand salaam to the Tourhiquet Galleries. When I walked into their main room and saw our furniture all set around the wall on neat pedestals against rich hangings of dark red, I simply gasped. My wife said weakly, "We must be in the wrong place." "No," I said pointing to the catalogue, "this is us all right. There's the hat tree." Yes, there it was; and there were all the old familiar pieces, but so changed, so completely metamorphosed by their surroundings that we could hardly recognize them. The larger objects occupied positions of state on raised platforms like freaks in a side-show, while the smaller ones were grouped in handsome cases, where they stood out nobly from rich velvet backgrounds.

The place was crowded. This was the first of the three days of exhibition prior to sale. Hawk-nosed dealers flitted about marking their cata-

logues; rapt amateurs stood entranced before the exhibits pointing out their particular qualities. The younger Tourniquet was everywhere, agreeing with every one. "Quite so, Madam, yes indeed, a very rare bit. Of course the cushions are original." I turned away, blushing. They were discussing the morris-chair. He stroked his blond moustache to cover a smile as he turned to an austere gentleman to say, "Have you seen this early travelling set? A precious thing." When I saw that he was pointing out an old shaving-brush and a half-used stick of soap that had been thrown pell-mell into a box of odds and ends, I thought it was time to leave.

We came back for the sale. The chairs were filled half an hour before the senior Tourniquet took his place in the rostrum. "You all have your catalogues," he said, "and you have likewise had opportunity to inspect this unusual collection. I may say that in my 30 years experience as a distributor of rare and beautiful *objets d'art*, it has never been my good fortune to act as agent for a more unique grouping of bibelots."

The attendant produced the first object—a pair of old goloshes; but Mr. Tourniquet went calmly on, without a quiver in his voice. "Item Number One," he read from the catalogue. "A pair of very early *sabots-de-neige*, American, with original clasps and fusilage. Textile upperdrapes, with gum foundations. Unrestored. Shall we start this interesting object at \$20?"

A voice said loudly, "Twenty!" and the excitement was on. From then on, the afternoon was a glorious, confused dream of successful salesmanship.

In a trance, I listened to the Old Master. . . . "Now we come to Item No. 37." (enter the hat-tree). "A golden-oak *vestaire-de-salon*, with brass crochets. A similar piece to this is to be seen in the foyer of the Bethel Seamen's Mission, in New London, Connecticut. What do I

hear to start with?" . . . A magnificent success was attained by the despised motto which we had raked out of our attic. As "a crewel-work overmantel on oyster-white buckram with hand-embroidered, floral-lettered affiche, 'Learn to Say No,' suitable for small *salle-a-manger*, carved American walnut encadrement simulating natural-wood forms; very rare," this work of art was knocked down to a wild-eyed lady decorator for the modest sum of \$163.

Nothing was neglected. The bits of dolls' furniture were disposed of as, "Child's miniature set, consisting of commode, *chaise-longue* and *bureau-de-travail*, slightly broken but no pieces missing."

Listening to Mr. Tourniquet's skillful patter, I realized the immense importance of knowing the auction language. It is a tongue apart. Each simple household object appeared as something rich and strange. There were *girandolles*, *compotes*, *torchères*, Heaven knows what! A cracked butter-dish from the Five-and-Ten became "a crystal *porte-beurre*, with incised pastoral decor and fine patine."

And then a rather ghastly thing happened. We were watching the sale of a horrible sofa-pillow for which I had paid \$4 and which Tourniquet was describing as "a late nineteenth century *petit-point* cushion top with arabesque border," when suddenly my wife succumbed to the mob psychology of the occasion. She began to bid. "\$35!" she cried. For an instant, I was paralyzed by terror. I had visions of a van backing up at our house, loaded with things we had struggled to get rid of. Whipping out a silk handkerchief, I slipped it tightly over my wife's face, gathered her in my arms, and made for the door. "The lady has fainted," I explained to the crowd. . . . The relief of getting back into a comparatively empty house was indescribable. As my wife said, "It gives us so much more room to put other things in when we get them."

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WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD (p. 131) is a war correspondent and well known magazine writer.

STUART P. SHERMAN (p. 139) is professor of English at the University of Illinois and author of numerous books.

MAX BENTLEY (p. 149) is editor of the Houston (Tex.) Chronicle.

HAROLD E. LIPPINCOTT (p. 157) is a distinguished lawyer and a widely known authority on wills. He has been a lecturer in the New York University Law School since 1900.

HAMLIN GARLAND (p. 159) is at work on a novel entitled, "A Pathfinder of the Middle Border." The story, based on the early life of his father Richard Garland, deals with that heroic period which lies between 1845 and 1865. It "pieces on" to the opening chapters of his autobiographic narrative, "A Son of the Middle Border," and forms a fictional introduction to the group of Middle Border chronicles which will ultimately number four volumes.

WILLIAM McDOUGALL (p. 163) formerly reader in Mental Philosophy of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, is professor of Psychology at Harvard University. His more recent publications include "The Group Mind," "National Welfare and National Decay," and "Ethics and Some Modern World Problems."

ROBERTO HABERMAN (p. 177) was born in Roumania. A graduate of New York University, a lawyer in Fresno, a soldier in the Spanish-American war he has for many years thrown in his lot with the new Mexico and its labor movement.

RALPH MODJESKI (p. 181) is eminently qualified to judge the world's great achievements in engineering, for in this field he has won a place as commanding as that which his mother, the celebrated tragedienne, Helen Modjeski, occupied in the theatrical world. Born in Poland in 1861, Mr. Modjeski came to America in 1876. During his remarkable career he has built some of the most important bridges in the United States. He is now chief engineer of the Delaware River Bridge at Philadelphia, which will have the longest span ever built in the United States.

WILLARD L. PERRY (p. 179) is dean of the Theological School in Harvard University.

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**RELIGION:** Why should the preacher be subjected to handicaps from which other public speakers are exempt (p. 167)?

**EDUCATION:** Seven years ago, the General Education Board established an educational experiment station, and from results already achieved, it appears that this institution may do as much to improve methods of education as the Rockefeller Medical Institute has accomplished in its field of research.

Don't fail to read this interesting and suggestive article (p. 141).

**ENGINEERING:** One of America's greatest living engineers selects what he considers the six greatest engineering feats of modern times (p. 181).

**WORLD PEACE:** Fear of aggression, of military invasion, is the tap-root of all the trouble, asserts Professor McDougall, and he suggests a remedy. A provocative article on this much-discussed theme (p. 163).

**WARFARE:** Each of the Great Powers is afraid of being caught unprepared, and for that reason the race is on to perfect a poison gas that will give its possessor an advantage over the others (p. 187).

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**JOURNALISM:** Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., plans to have a chain of clean newspapers throughout the United States. Read of the widespread conspiracy on the part of yellow newspapers to thwart his project on the Pacific Coast (p. 145).

**BIOGRAPHY:** "Ramsay MacDonald's statesmanship will be an effort to put the Christian religion into practice—that, and nothing more" (p. 169).

**MOTION PICTURES:** Seats at \$5.00 each.—Undreamed of development of music to accompany the film play.—Motion pictures will help establish the brotherhood of man.—The color of a woman's eyes, the tint of the sea, will be a natural part of every picture.—"Depth," by which pictures will become as natural as the existing object (p. 161).

**INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS:** The Great Powers of Europe live on "home brew" news.—Modern map-makers should revert to the old custom of filling in the countries beyond their own borders with the pictures of leviathans and strange, menacing beasts (p. 149).

**NATURE:** Bees: infallible weather prophets.—Wonder-working engineers.—A homing instinct that is one of the mysteries of science.—Sticklers for sanitation (p. 184).

**ART OF LIVING:** Professor Sherman's survey of the middle years should be read at least twice if one would miss none of the subtleties of a fine and poignant discussion of a vital theme (p. 137).

**SOCIAL PROBLEMS:** The Ku Klux Klan in Indiana is not of the recognized stripe, according to Mr. Bentley. It is unorthodox, and has fallen out with the Atlanta headquarters (p. 147).

**HUMOR:** Have you any old furniture or other household "junk" that you would like to dispose of (p. 189)?

**TRAVEL:** The fascinating history of 800-year-old English Inns (p. 165).

**MEXICO:** 50,000 bandits of Mexico disappeared within five months, "as if some magic wand had put them to sleep." The remarkable story of how they became peace-loving farmers makes for a better understanding of our neighbor to the south (p. 185).

**INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS:** A readable and informative survey of the situation on the Pacific Coast with respect to Japanese immigration (p. 173).

**EDUCATION:** "Every man his own thinker" (p. 141).

**MISCELLANEOUS:**

"The Strangest Human Documents": Aside from the general interest of this article, it contains facts about wills which every person should know (p. 157).

"The War Against Ugliness": Are highway billboards doomed? Read what has been accomplished in the United States, in Honolulu, and in England (p. 183).

"Via the 'Land of the Midnight Sun'": Stefansson declares that the Arctic air route will some day cut the distance in half between Europe and northern Asia, and between the United States and Russia.—Popular myths about the Arctic.—The northward advance of civilization (p. 155).

"As I Like It": The virtue of sweat.—The most exciting novel.—The most popular woman in secular history.—A natural law: excess leads to prohibition.—Religion.—The theatre (p. 153).

"Fruit of the Earth": Tropical countries the future garden spots of the world.—The promise of banana flour.—Will the potato become both motive power and food?—New foods introduced within past 50 years. Strange appetites of different peoples (p. 171).

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